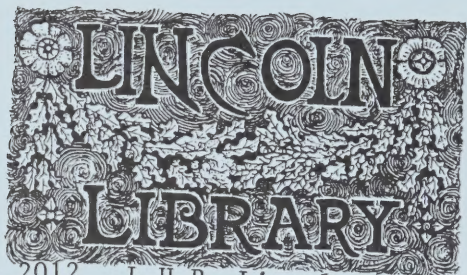


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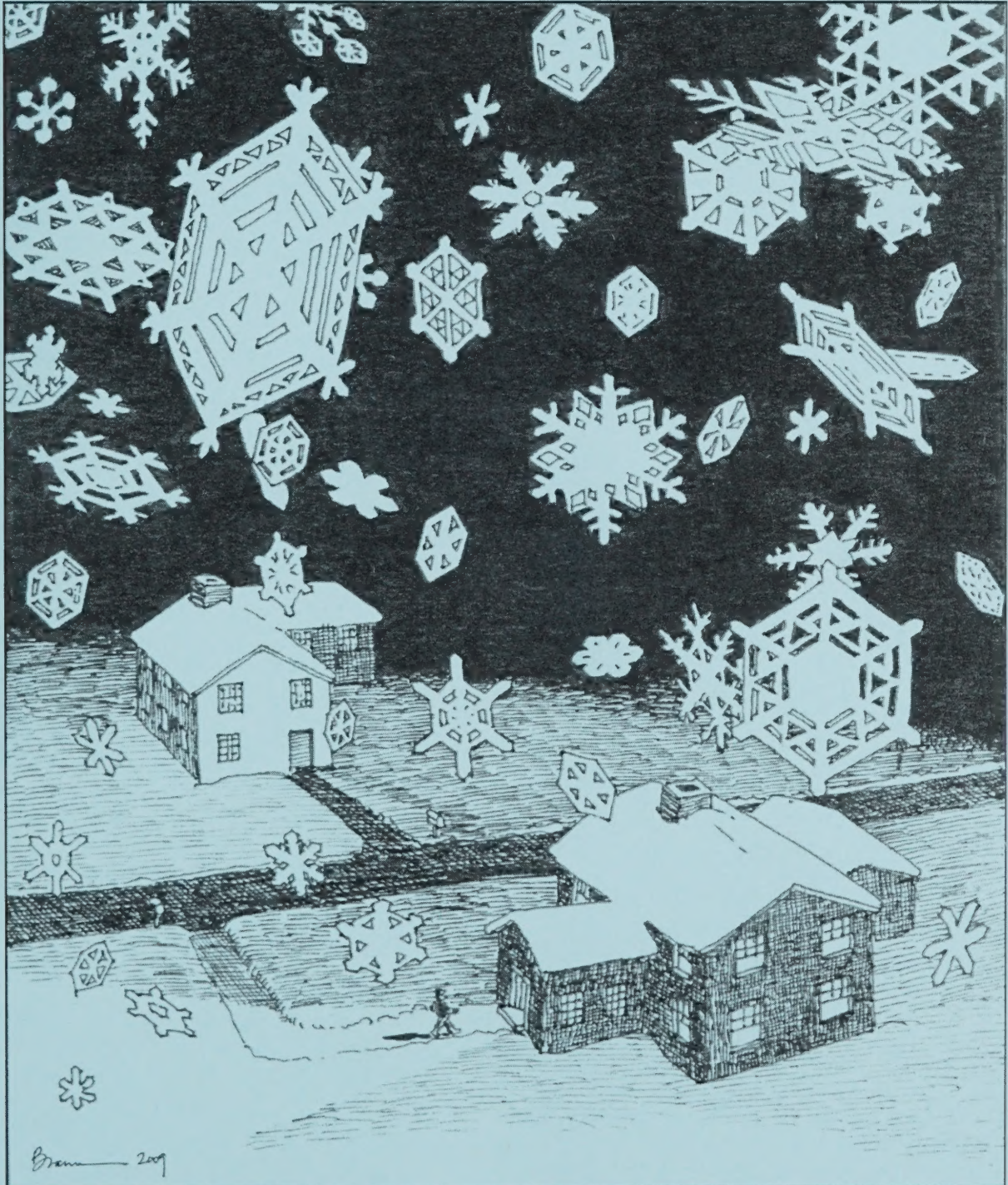
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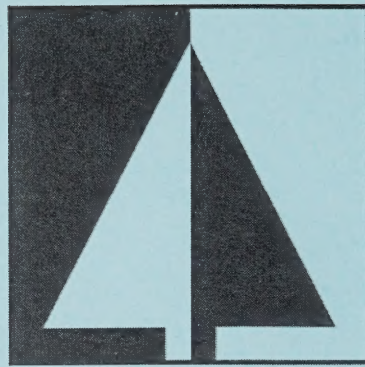
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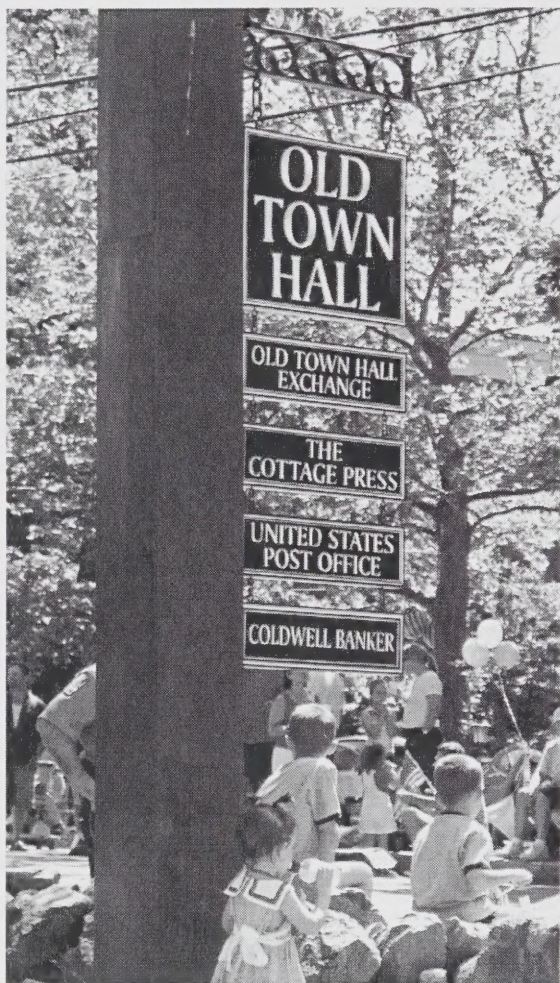
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Let it snow Let it snow Let it snow

Tales from the Plowing Wars

By Jeanne Bracken

“Let it snow? Let it snow? Let it snow?”

Not in our family. What a snowstorm adds up to in our family are the Shoveling and Plowing Wars. We did a good job of raising our daughters, but somewhere along the line we failed to teach them the art of snow shoveling. Which is why, when my husband and I go on vacation in the wintertime, we’re likely to get a plaintive phone call from one of them.

Picture it: We’re enjoying the botanical garden in San Antonio when the phone rings. Daughter Number Two reports that it’s snowing. Hard. We advised getting down to work with a shovel, since they have not deigned to learn the art of running the snowblower. Over several hours, we get several calls reporting on progress: Lisa had to go to work. When she got there, she was sent home. The snow was coming down really hard. They got stuck in the driveway. We field the calls, commiserate, and hope the snow has melted by the time we get home. It does.

Next trip: Cape Cod. Spouse and I were relieved to be at a resort where someone else would plow and shovel, and we would just have to clear our car and drive off. Then: 2 a.m. phone call. The daughters are stuck in our driveway (see a pattern forming here?) Over several phone calls, Husband tries to explain how to start the snowblower. No dice. Eventually a private plow operator passing by takes pity on them and plows the end of the driveway, freeing the car.

When we’re home, a snow storm usually brings Great Drama. Husband hates to shovel so has purchased a large snowblower. Still, with a short driveway, a garage too packed with junk to house vehicles, and three cards to jockey around, the process of cleaning up after a major storm is not pretty.

Husband is convinced that the town plow operators deliberately move all the snow from our street right into our driveway. On one occasion he shoveled the snow back into the street. Enter police officer, who,

sat by the driveway until Husband had shoveled it all back again.

On another predawn occasion Husband parked one of the cars on a side street while he tried to clear over two feet of snow from the driveway. The snow was too heavy for his snowblower, he said. While he was struggling with it, a police officer came by and ordered him to move the parked car from the side street, since the parking ban is essential for plowing the streets. Husband, never at his best in such circumstances, said there was no place to put the snow, and where did the officer think it should go? Wrong thing to say. The officer actually gave him a parking ticket for violating the overnight ban. This generated much merriment among the other officers, who knew Husband from his very visible job in town.

The plow wars are not always so negative. One year when I was struggling to shovel a foot of heavy snow from the driveway while Husband was at work, a fellow who had plowed a neighbor’s driveway pulled in, cleared the whole drive, and left without a word. No idea who he was.

My favorite plow story, though, goes back over 30 years to the winter of ’78. Lots of snow that winter. Many storms. That year our older daughter was being treated in Boston for cancer, meaning we spent many hours and days in the city. One night we drove home very late after a heavy storm dumped a foot of snow on our town. Exhausted, we dreaded the huge task of clearing the driveway enough to get the car off the street. We turned the corner and were shocked to see that the driveway had been completely cleared. We didn’t know many people in town then and we still have no idea who plowed us out, but no words can convey what it meant to us.

This year? The snowblower starter doesn’t work, and Husband has resisted my “get it fixed” suggestions since last spring. But we have our own plow contractor now—we hired the fellow who bailed out the daughters while we were on the Cape.

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In the Winter of '78

By Betty Smith

A blizzard came storming in to Lincoln and its suburbs on February 5th and left on the 7th. A new moon was scheduled, also. The wind supposedly hit 86 miles an hour with gusts over 100. This equals a Category 1 hurricane. The snow fell at 4 inches an hour for 36 hours or so it is reported. And the snow drifts – 15 feet. People were dying, many in cars idling on 128. Boston claimed 27.1 inches of snow. The first night of the storm Trapelo Road was filled with anxious commuters, some of whom had to abandon their car and walk. School busses did not run for a week. When the storm ended, a few daring commuters used the police station as a ski hut. In order to get to the train, people left their skis in the station (occasionally snow shoes) and walked to the train stop.

As the blizzard was slowing down, three Moms in South Lincoln decided to venture out after lunch in the warmth of the day and go into the center of Lincoln. We were wearing skis, back packs, hats, scarves and multiple mittens.

We weren't exactly sure whether to go through the Boyce Fields and over the drumlin, down the roads, or try the train tracks. The reporter on Channel 4 said that trains were not running so the tracks seemed the most direct route. We skied down Old Sudbury and crossed 117. The snow banks were higher than the occasional car that crept along. The fields were empty and the air crisp. Skiing on the railroad tracks was smooth and quite exhilarating. All was quiet, particularly on the curve on 117 before Codman Road.

But then in the distance, we heard the train gates go down on 117. Could a car have skidded into them? Was the heavy snow a problem? We knew it wasn't a train so we kept skiing along and then yes.... chugging down the tracks around the curve came a big big **BIG** engine with a big **BIG** snow plow on front. It seemed to be coming faster and faster. The engineer must have been surprised, probably scared as he tooted the horn madly.

We scrambled up the snow banks on the curve and the train came bellowing through. We never made it to Lincoln center.

I still see that **BIG** engine in my dreams.



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One Winter, Two Storms, Many Memories

By Carmela D'Elia

Memories of the two major storms in the winter of 1978: during the first storm in January, a friend of our 13-year-old son Peter, rang our doorbell and appeared like a Manchurian snowman. A transfer student from Taiwan, Chou had walked several miles from the Cambridge School of Weston to our home.

The second storm in early February had brought bitterly cold temperatures and over 20" of snow. Our driveway looked like a fortress of snow, with over 40" from the total accumulation. While the snow fell, my daughter Tina and I baked a chocolate cake for her 11th birthday; the second layer stuck in the pan but we put the icing on the pieces and my husband John said it was the best cake he ever ate. After the hurricane-strength winds subsided, the storm did have a positive side. Neighbors on our block came together to shovel the snow on Round Hill Road, clearing some snow from the conservation path, and many of us cross-country skied across Beaver Pond. The highlights were the parties that brought us together each day at a different house. My younger daughter Andrea, then four years old, remembers lying in the snow with her siblings pwishing their arms and legs to make angels.

Fortunately, the exciting snowfalls also gave us periods of silence, echoes of children laughing, memories of the great blizzard.

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Why I Hide from Blizzards

By Jean F. Risley

I remember the blizzard of 78. What I remember most about it is that the folks I worked with down in Cambridge thought it wasn't going to be a big deal. The weather forecasters were all excited about it. Snow, and lots of it. "Great," my friends said. "They never get it right, but maybe there'll be enough for the kids to go sledding. I like to see snow once in a while. It makes you feel like there's a real winter."

I couldn't understand it. We had moved to this area from Buffalo only a few years earlier, and based on my driving there, snow was a life-threatening experience. In fact, I used to say that when I die I will go to heaven or hell, but I already did purgatory. I don't like driving in snow, but living in Buffalo for six years made not driving in snow not an option.

We used to live south of the city, and on a winter morning you would look out the window and see two lines in the sky. The line of white to the north was the snow belt over the shores of Lake Ontario, and the line of white to the south was the snow belt over the shores of Lake Erie. The narrow band of blue sky in between just hung over the city itself and a narrow band of suburbs.

Listening to the morning weather forecast brought one of three options. If you were lucky, the forecast was "flurries, one to three." That means one to three inches of snow expected that day, from the time you left for work to the time you came home from work. On an average day, you might have the forecast of "squalls, three to six." That means snow in patches, some light and some serious, with whiteouts and unexpected accidents suddenly coming at you through the whiteness. Other days the forecast was for a "storm," and that meant every car for itself.

Just because it was snowing didn't mean that anything stopped. If businesses closed for slippery roads, there would be practically no work days for months at a time. I remember making Halloween costumes big enough to wear snowsuits underneath, and waiting until June for the ice floes to get clear of the Niagara River.

The police and the state troopers all took snow seriously. They used snowmobiles, and not for fun. If you liked to listen to the police radios, and they were the best source of reliable information about the roads, you could hear all the news. You could find out where the accidents were, which roads were blocked, and where stranded cars were about to run out of gas and heat.

We lived under the southern line in the sky, and the mall at our exit from the Interstate was a center of critical activity. You see, when the Thruway west was

closed, the police used to collect traffic, cars and trucks, there and send them through in caravans. There would be a police car in front, then a chain of cars and trucks each following the darker white shadow in front of them, and a police car at the end to make sure no one fell out of line. I will never forget the many times I followed the gray rectangle of a tractor trailer in front of me, only hoping that whoever he was following had a clue where the road was.

So you can see why the forecast of a major snow storm made me nervous. I thought I had left all that behind, and here a major storm was sneaking up on me out of the past. I listened to the forecast. There was no sign of snow for the morning commute, so we all got into the office safely. By noontime there were some flakes, and I got jumpy. My co-workers, not trained in the life preservation reflexes of lake effect snow, couldn't understand why I was so hyper. I tried to get their attention to the windows, but they told me not to worry.

The white stuff increased slowly, and by about two-thirty in the afternoon I couldn't stand it any more. I just left and headed home, up Belmont hill and away to the west to Lincoln. I was safe and snug at home when things started to get nasty.

I remember pictures of the hill on Route 128, heading uphill from when Interstate 95 comes in, up to Route 139 in Canton. When things got slippery, cars couldn't make it up the hill. Some simply pulled off to the side, but some slid backwards. Cars that could still move zigzagged in and out of the stopped and abandoned cars, some getting stuck themselves. Once the road was blocked, rescue vehicles couldn't get in or get through. As I remember it, it took three days even to get the road cleared after the storm, towing one abandoned car at a time.

What I learned from the blizzard of 78 is that if you're not used to being out in the snow, you're better off in a warm corner with a hot cup of something tasty. Even if you know how to manage your own car, those around you who don't know how to manage theirs will make travel unpredictable. In Buffalo, I could trust that most of the other drivers knew their own skill level and tolerance. After all, Darwin had picked off the worst offenders early on. Here in New England, we're a mixed bag, and I for one would rather be watching the storm on the news than out enjoying the drama directly.

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ON THE DAY YOU WERE BORN

By Rob Stuart-Vail

It was a day past her forty-ninth birthday, with most of the family gathered at the little house on the lake, and it was very cold – but not as cold, I remembered, as on the day she was born – on that February 4th back in the 1960's, in the town of Burlington, Massachusetts.

This time there was only a little snow on the ground. Back then, almost two feet of the white stuff covered our streets and highways. Weather records call it “The blizzard of February 3rd and 4th,” The headlines reported a total of 21 inches on the ground along with high winds near 60 mph. Drifting continued for days, with 20-foot drifts in places.

Amy was to be our second child. Hazel, her mother, was not expecting this to be the big day – there were a few more days to go, according to the doctor. So we expected a normal day, and I went off to work at the radio station in the pre-dawn hours.

Traffic was minimal – much less of it than usual, because of the heavy snow. Two feet of it on the road now and it was still coming down. But once I was at work in Waltham, a little more than twenty miles from home, things would be fine.

Six o'clock was sign-on time for the radio station, and I was both announcer and engineer, operating the transmitters, performing the control room duties, and then doing the announcing.

So at 6:00a.m. I gave our sign-on announcement, and began reading the news of the day, fresh from the teletype machine. As I began the five-minute newscast, I could see the telephone lights flashing, and they kept on flashing all through the news.

Then I put on our first music of the day – it may have been a Sousa march, because one of the important Board members of the station liked to hear that kind of music on his drive into Boston. And the phone lights were still flashing, so finally I was able to pick it up.

“It's time! I have to go to the hospital! Hazel sounded panic-stricken, and so was I!

The hospital was less than a mile from the radio station. But Hazel was twenty miles north of us, and we seriously doubted that we'd be able to get ambulance service at a time like this, on a day like this.

Quickly, I called the station manager, himself an announcer-engineer, and told him I had to leave. “You can't do that,” he said. “Well, I have to,” I responded.

“I'm going to put on the longest record I can think of, and you'll have to get here before the music stops.”

Back in my car, speeding up the highway, swerving from one side to the other, I listened to the music on the radio. “Please don't end,” I thought – please. I'll lose my job – my engineering license will be revoked!”

At last, in record time, I drove into the driveway of our home in Burlington – actually, I spun the car around and backed into the driveway, left the motor running, and dashed into the house. A neighbor was there – we were a close-knit, friendly community - she had come in to stay with Mary, our first child.

Hazel was ready, but hesitant to attempt walking in the deep snow, so I picked her up and carried her to the car. She was light, probably not much over 100 pounds, plus baby, and my adrenaline must have been quite high just then.

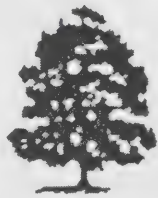
Then down the road we went – there was by now a bit more traffic on the highway than earlier, and as I turned on the radio, I heard the last notes of the music, followed by – not the voice of the station manager, but the dreaded sound of a stylus in the end grooves of the record. It kept on – and on – and finally, we were at the hospital, entering the emergency room, and very soon I was told that I should leave – “everything would be all right.”

Now my car radio gave me the sound of music, and soon I was back at the station, where I learned that the station manager's car wouldn't start, and he had to take a taxi to the station. That seemed to be his main complaint, and I realized that I wasn't going to be fired after all.

But what about Hazel and the baby? No information was yet available from the hospital, and mercifully, I was allowed to leave work early and return to the hospital, where I found that just a few minutes earlier we had become the parents of a beautiful baby girl, Amelia Anne Stuart-Vail, now the mother of three girls, and soon to be a grandmother. And I? – just a happy great-grandfather to be!

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Snow angels and skiing
Children's toy shovels
Snow forts are growing
Skating and snowballs
New blanket and glow
Come snow pleasure.

Snow

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SNOW ROLLS

By Manson Solomon

snow rolls
gently down the slope
missing
the trees, or at least trying
to skirt around them, but
not always successfully
inasmuch as sometimes
it nestles up against the trunks
splattering
the bark with white showers of frosting
clinging there
waiting
for the sun
to pry them loose
turn them into splotches which
don't so much run off as
darken and disappear
into the air

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WINTER HAS COME

By Manson Solomon

Winter has come
quietly
tumbling white
out of the grey
grey sky.

Trees stand
to attention
pointing blindly.

Scattered clusters
of dead oak leaves
snagged on the outstretched fingers,
orange-brown tatters, cling
to the stiff, empty coat-racks
stark witnesses
to the creep
of the insidious white
along the bark's crevices.

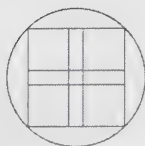
Blanched bladelets accept
without protest
the enveloping ice
until they disappear
entombed
deep-frozen.

Forsaken by the sun,
starved into submission,
the earth yields
to the suffocating pillow of snowflakes,
life drained from its desiccated veins
it draws a final sigh,
exhales
and lies still
in its white, white silent shroud.

No birds, no squirrels, no blooms,
no song.
No gentle breezes stirring the
odorless air.
Only the steady drift
of the accumulating crystals
smothering,
embalming
the colorless earth.

Nothing moves.

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Mind of Winter

HAIKU FOR WINTER

By John D'Elia

Pierce House New Year

chowder, fondue
cider, fudge
chocolate

Did I cut in
Ahead of you?

Children, mothers
Enjoy live music

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Pierce House New Year

Harold coming later
Betty driving someone
Too bad, we missed them.

Copyright 2011 John D'Elia

Solstice

Longest night
Children very tired

Bright moon after snowfall
Lunar eclipse prediction

What's next?
Moon is sleeping now.

Big Storm

Snow falling
We should shovel

Wait: the young man
Will help us

But will not
Clear cars.

Copyright 2011 John D'Elia

Kathleen Schaefer

Nuances on a Theme by Stevens

*For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and nothing that is. **

Outside the mullioned boundaries of the French door
glass:

One dry and curled leaf, rejoicing in movement, skits
across the crystalline surface of this morning's snow,
swirls in a dainty pirouette, leaps a grand jeté...and skids
off stage, pushed aside by a bearish burst of wind.

The stonewall girdling the old oak tree is mounded with
snow, a Mycenaean burial circle, white and bare but for
a handful of flower stalks missed by the gardener's hand.
Scoured of their vibrant color, they persist, reminders of
glories that were and glories yet to come.

The low sun inks drawings across the pale snow, shadow
sketches, black, elongated strokes over the pristine
canvas of the lawn; diffuse studies in gray as it wraps
around the knobs and knurls of piled snow.

Next door, the hammer is quiet; my do-it-yourself
neighbor drawn deeper into his house, to tinker on
smaller things, closer to the hearth. Lawn mowers, leaf
blowers, rakes, shovels, hoes all buttoned up, tucked
away, silenced by the clamor of the cold:

A whipping, whirling, tumbling rush of wind howling
through the conservation land, rattling the naked
branches of the maples, roughing the spruce boughs so
their shagged crusts of snow slide thumping to the
ground; a startled crack as ice fingers relinquish their
hold on branch, wire, home, and plunge, shattering
splinters of silver across the landscape.

A crow lights on a tree branch, its black wings pulling
the sky in around it.

And I, gazing through the mullioned boundaries of the
French door glass, gather form and fragrance, sound and
sense and behold *the nothing that is not there and the
nothing that is.*

** "Stevens, Wallace (1982). The Snowman. Collected
poems, 1923-1954, 9-10. New York, NY: Vintage
Books, a division of Random House."*



Copyright 2011 Kathleen Schaefer

Snow and Wildlife

By Gwyn Loud

Photo by ©2011
Steve Gehlbach

Snow-covered fields and woodland trails provide the reader of the landscape with tales of the busy lives of creatures who have passed by hours or days earlier. Fresh tracks, melted tracks, feathers, scat, all tell us whether rabbits, deer, birds, coyotes or other animals have been present, how recently, which direction they were going, and at what speed. Larger mammals tend to hunker down in burrows or protected areas when snow is falling heavily but once the storm is over, they get on about their most important task, finding food. Tiny footprints and a tail mark disappearing under a fallen log probably belong to mice, bigger paired footprints stopping at the base of an oak tree are most likely those of squirrels, and the imprint of large wings in a snowy field was no doubt made by a hunting hawk. Most of our common mammals are active throughout the winter but a few, such as skunks, raccoons, and chipmunks, spend the winter in a state of semi-sleep, awakening only sporadically. Woodchucks are true hibernators in our area; further north, bears also hibernate. Shrews, mice, and voles are some of our smallest mammals and are an especially important part of the diet of animals such as foxes, coyotes, and hawks. Voles take advantage of the snow to make tunnels just below the surface. If you see a red fox in a field, staring at the snow then suddenly leaping to pounce upon prey, perhaps it has heard a mouse under the snow or it has caught a vole which came up to a tunnel entrance hole. Snow is an excellent insulator, providing protection and moderating temperatures in the subnival world. As snow begins to melt one can easily see rambling voles' tunnels just beneath the snow's surface. There are several species of shrews in our area and they also make use of tunnels in the snow. You might spot them dashing out to grab sunflower seeds under bird feeders. In warmer months shrews are insectivorous but, like many animals, need to change their diet in the winter in order to survive.

While walking through the woods when there is snow cover you might come across thousands of pepper-sized black dots at the base of tree trunks. These are Snow Fleas, not actually fleas but primitive insects which hop with a spring-like muscle under their tiny tails. Most insects, all cold-blooded, pass the winter in a resting period called diapause. For many this means as eggs or pupae and those which remain adults seek protected and more temperate locations such as under logs and leaf litter or at the bottom of a pond. Woolly bear caterpillars, larvae of a tiger moth, are one of only a few moths or butterflies which overwinter in the larval stage. Woodpeckers and other birds which peck and



forage beneath bark are skilled at finding wintering insects in diapause.

It is well known that birds can sense the approach of a storm by detecting changes in air pressure, which explains why before a winter snow storm one sees heightened activity around bird feeding stations. Deep snow makes it hard for birds to find natural food such as seeds on low-growing plants, so energy-rich bird seed and suet can give a big boost in bad weather. Birds have average body temperatures of about 105 degrees and, to keep up their metabolism, they need to feed almost constantly in cold weather. How birds survive bitter cold winter nights is a marvel of evolutionary "strategies". Black-capped chickadees have been well studied in this regard and it turns out that, in addition to growing about 30% more down feathers in the winter, they can lower their body temperature by about twenty degrees at night and slow their heart rate from 2000 beats per minute to 500 beats per minute. The combination of this nighttime torpor and the fact that chickadees often sleep huddled together, makes it possible to get through the cold night alive. At dusk one can see birds disappearing into protected places such as thick evergreens, and in our garden we watch downy woodpeckers darting quietly into bird houses for the night, where they will fluff out their feathers and turn their heads to bury their beaks under insulating down.

The plant world may look dead in the cold of winter, but buds are waiting to burst under the protection of bud scales and beneath the insulating protection of snow one can find greenery waiting for spring. Even with snow on the ground we will soon be cheered by skunk cabbage emerging, and the blossoms of crocuses and snowdrops.

Copyright 2011 Gwyn Loud

Selected Resources

Heinrich Bernd, *Winter World*, HarperCollins, 2003

Rezendes, Paul, *Tracking and the Art of Seeing*, HarperCollins, 1999

Stokes, Donald, *A Guide to Nature in Winter*, Little, Brown, and Co., 1976





SNOW by Harold McAleer

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Coldwell Banker Residential Brokerage



LINCOLN - This bright and spacious one-level 2 bedroom, 2 bath condo in Minuteman commons, a 55+ community set amidst the Minuteman National Historical Park, is the last NEW unit available. Deeded garage parking. Trails and major commuter routes nearby. \$285,000



LINCOLN - Spacious one-level Farrar Pond Village condominium offers three bedrooms, two baths, and partially finished lower level. Built in 1974, this unit offers great options for today's lifestyle. Farrar Pond Village offers tennis courts, canoe launch, flower and vegetable gardens, playground, and access to trails. \$435,000



LINCOLN - Set well off the road in a private haven of rural beauty at the end of a long drive lined with apple trees, this 1900 Cape is full of personality and awaits your updating. 38' x 26' barn looks over sloping lawns and specimen trees and shrubs. \$750,000



LINCOLN - Handsome colonial built in 2002 on 2.1-acre knoll features 2-story foyer, 9' ceilings, 1st floor laundry, maple and granite kitchen, master suite with sitting room and fireplace plus 3 additional bedrooms and 3.5 baths. Priced to sell \$935,000



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LINCOLN - Stone walls surround ultra private setting with spectacular arrival off 1000' drive. Four dwellings in neighborhood of well built 6,500-8,000 s.f. homes on 2, 3, and 12 acres. Abuts 100+ acre woods owned by Farrington Memorial, a charity, and Town of Lincoln trails. \$2,775,000



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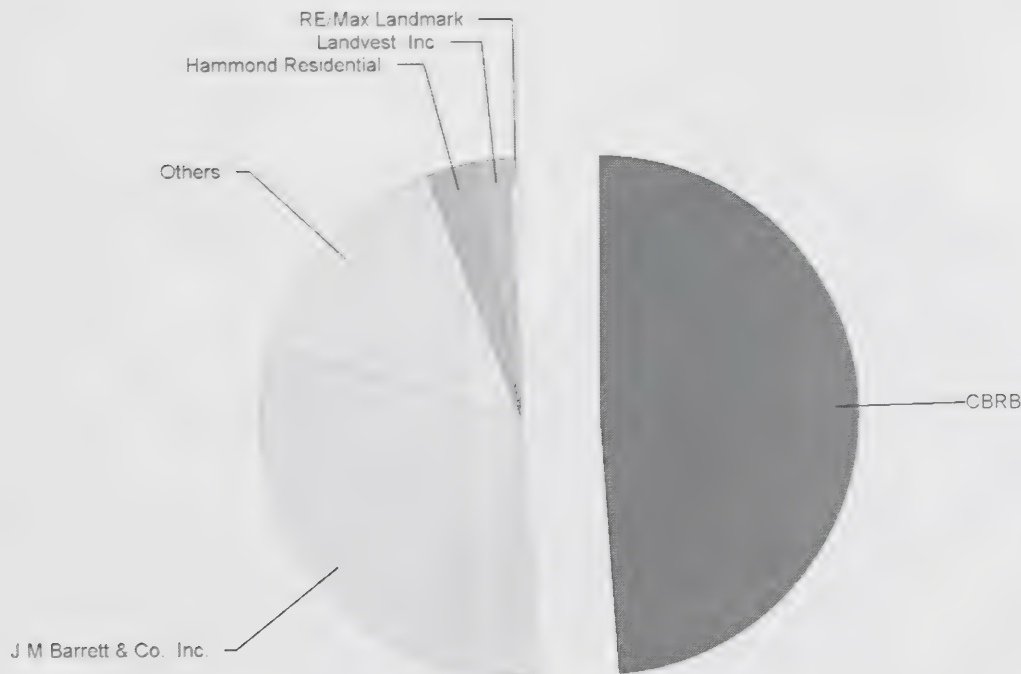
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THE BIG SURPRISE!

Jazz lovers were flocking to the Lincoln Library on December 8th, expecting to hear an All Request Program, were shocked to see a group of local musicians assembled at the front of the Tarbell Room. With a quick shuffle, the evening had morphed into an impromptu Jazz Jamboree!



The performers were Jake Kerwin, Manson Solomon, Evelyn Harris, piano, Marilyn Kerwin bass, Tom Ruggles, banjo, Jack Martin, trombone, Bob Cronin, drums and, of all people, Harold McAleer, vocalist. The group held forth with a series of traditional jazz tunes, much to the delight of the full house audience.

There were two high points of the evening. The first was a sensational duo piano version of Ain't She Sweet by Jake Kerwin and Evelyn Harris, played with such verve and style that it reminded us of the great duo piano work of Dick Hyman and Derek Smith. The second was a breath-taking rendering of Hard-Hearted Hanna by Harold McAleer of such dramatic sweep that it rivaled the celebrated version by the Ray Charles Singers.



Harold McAleer & Marilyn Kerwin



Jake Kerwin & Evelyn Harris

CJALL 2010-2011 Presentation Schedule.

Presentations are at the Lincoln Library at 7:30 PM

(Except as noted)

January 2011	Norm Nichols	"Lighten Up II" Don't miss it !!!!
February 9 2011	Harold McAleer	"Old, new, borrowed, blue" A potpourri of jazz.
March 9 2011	Dave Whitney	"Boy meet Horn - Forgotten trumpet heroes"
April 13 2011	Bob Fuller	Will introduce us to Ruby Braff
May 11 2011	Dean Smith	Big Bands. !!!!
May 25 2011	Annual Live Concert*	Our annual "live" jazz program featuring: Jeff Hughes "Lost in the Sauce" group

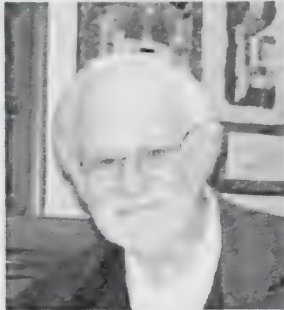
*Will be presented in Bemis Hall, Bedford Road Lincoln at 7:00PM

For more information about CJALL contact the Lincoln Library at 781-259-8465

Upcoming Classic Jazz at Lincoln Library Presentations

LIGHTEN UP II

January 19, 2011



By Norm Nichols

This is a continuation and second attempt at Lightening Up our jazz listening, though it will be hard to beat last month's. bring-an- instrument live performances, lecture for laughter.

This year Jelly Roll Morton backs up a Felix the Cat adventure again. JRM is serious jazz and needs a bit of help to lighten up. See Felix get in and out of mischief finding out what makes the moon shine.

Some time ago, Ted (the ever fresh question, 'Is Everybody Happy') Lewis was voted one of the five greatest showmen of modern times. Come to my talk and find out who the other four were. We will hear selections by his orchestra from 1927, 28 and 30.

You'll also hear a trad jazz adaptation of Barnacle Bill the Sailor sung by Hoagy Carmichael. In the food group, we'll listen to Chicken Ain't Nothin' but a Bird by the George Lewis band and Kidney Stew by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. The 1900's seem to have had a great disposition towards laughter with some of the most humorous lyrics ever written, many of them in the ragtime idiom. You will hear a lot of them in my program.

OLD-NEW-BORROWED-BLUE

February 9, 2011



By Harold McAleer

Harold will delve into his large collection of the Stuff of Jazz to bring a varied program of audio and video numbers to educate delight and entertain us.

He will begin with some snippets to illustrate the formative steps of early jazz, using illustrations from Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong, progress through some classic gems and end with videos of local pros and amateurs.

A major portion of his program will be devoted to a Chicago TV series, featuring pianist, Art Hodes, and trumpeter, Wingy Manone.

Hodes was an important figure in the history of jazz. He was a fighter for traditional jazz, whether through his distinctive piano playing, his writings, or his work on radio and public television. Born in Russia, he came to America with his family when he was 6 months old. He grew up in Chicago where he had the opportunity to witness Chicago jazz during its prime years of the 1920s and developed his piano style by listening to other pianists. In 1928, he made his recording debut with Wingy Manone, but spent most of the 1930s in obscurity in Chicago, before moving to New York in 1938, where he played with Joe Marsala and Mezz Mezzrow. He edited the magazine, Jazz Record, had his own radio program and later hosted a television series, Jazz Alley. He lived long enough to become one of the last survivors of Chicago Jazz.



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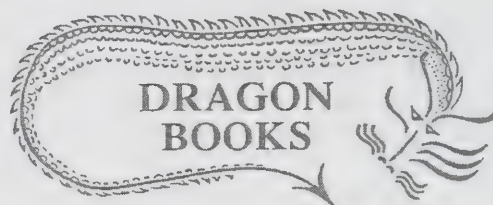
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DAN PEREIRA AND RECREATION

By Beverly Eckhardt

Winter, summer, spring and fall there are fun activities going on in Lincoln under the oversight of the town's Recreation Committee. At this stage in life I confess to being a basic couch potato. Our kids are long out of school and our grandchildren all live in other states. So I have been unaware of the scope of current town programs and how they are managed. I started my education on recreation by scanning the reports of the Recreation Committee in back issues of the Annual Town Report. Then I arranged an interview with Dan Pereira, the Director of the Recreation Department, at his office at Hartwell School. Dan was busy preparing the schedule for the Winter Carnival coming up on the weekend of January 28-30. In spite of all the demands on his time, he was gracious in filling me in on his work and answering all my questions.

The Recreation Committee of six volunteers determines the policy for the Recreation Department, sets fees and selects the Director and Assistant Director who oversee all of the recreational programs. Dan came to Lincoln in 1996 when the position of Assistant Director opened. He had graduated from Merrimack College in North Andover where he had majored in English with the intent to enter secondary education. After a brief time teaching, he realized that although he liked the kids he just didn't have a passion for English. He did love sports, especially soccer, and began coaching field hockey, softball, baseball and soccer. The opening in Lincoln offered a full-time position in a pleasant setting. He was pleased to be selected from three finalists for the position.

In 2001 Debra Haiduven announced her resignation after serving as Director for 13 years. An extensive search was conducted to find a replacement and Dan was unanimously selected from among the finalists. Later that year Stacy Mulroy was named as full-time Assistant Director to replace Dan. Laurie Dumont completes the team as part-time associate.

The number of activities for which Dan's Recreation Department is responsible is impressive. It is charged with maintaining the fields, courts and facilities. The fields have posed a particular challenge due to heavy use and the vicissitudes of weather. The approach to handle all the many programs using the fields and facilities is to find volunteers or volunteer groups who will take on all the multiple tasks needed to make a successful event or activity, while the Department provides assistance and advice as needed. For example, the Minutemen handle Patriot's Day events, the Girl Scouts organize and run Memorial Day, and Brent Clark organizes the Summer Concert series. Other activities such as tennis rely heavily of the contribution of interested volunteers. In early spring, usually during April school vacation, the clay tennis courts are prepared for use with significant assistance by volunteers such as Lincoln Review Editor Betty Smith, whom Dan commends for long hours of effort. Weather permitting, the courts will open this year just after the April school recess.

For the summer, Dan's department hires staff for Codman Pool and for the Summer Day Camp. Both of those programs operate without an undue burden on town finances because of the fees charged for memberships and for registration. The Codman Pool has been extremely successful in

training young swimmers, as evidenced by Codman winning the Minuteman League championships three years ago.

Following a slowdown in August, the recreation activities for youngsters begin again. The Recreation Department is responsible for both boys' and girls' basketball teams which play against teams from Weston, Wayland and Hanscom. Coaching is done by an all-volunteer staff of parents. Dan pointed out that soccer is a big sport in Lincoln, but it is organized by an independent group of parent volunteers as is Lincoln Youth Baseball. The Department provides transportation to the Nashoba ski area during the snow months. However, fewer student now take advantage of the Lincoln program because of the lure of Wachusett Mountain which is more developed but further away.

The Recreation Department provides year-round activities for adults as well as young people. Eleven classes a week are now being given in Exercise and Fitness, with 90 or so current participants, and the program's popularity continues to increase. Other activities include Thursday night pick-up basketball and ping-pong, Thursday night ballroom dancing, yoga, and a weekly open studio providing space for artists to work together.

So now to the Winter Carnival which will give everyone a variety of events to sample, from snowshoeing , bingo, music at the Library, and a video show at the C.O.A..

Congratulations to Dan Pereira for a fantastic job of keeping Lincoln active and happy!

Editor's note –A thank you to Rob Todd and the many other tennis players who help with the opening and closing of the courts. Nails are taken out of all the tapes, benches taken in and out of the tennis shack, debris cleaned up and a lot more.....



The Walden Woods Project

The Walden Woods Project (WWP) is a nonprofit organization headquartered at 44 Baker Farm Road in Lincoln, MA. Founded in 1990 by recording artist Don Henley, the Walden Woods Project has protected over 160 acres of land in Walden Woods (Lincoln and Concord) much of which had been threatened with commercial development. The organization also offers a variety of education programs for teachers, students and the general public, including a popular lecture series that is attended by many Lincoln residents. The Walden Woods Project owns and manages the Thoreau Institute, also located at 44 Baker Farm Road. The Institute's library/exhibits are open to the public. For more information on the Walden Woods Project/Thoreau Institute, please visit our web site at www.walden.org.

The Walden Woods Project offers an annual scholarship to high school students who attend schools in the Walden Woods communities of Concord and Lincoln, Massachusetts. A \$2,500 scholarship is awarded to one student attending Lincoln-Sudbury High School and one student attending high school in Concord. The organization seeks to support students intent on furthering their education for a career that is relevant to the core mission of the Walden Woods Project - to foster an ethic of environmental stewardship and social responsibility through the integration of conservation, education, research and advocacy.

The Walden Woods Project scholarships were established three years ago. Past recipients went on to study diverse interests ranging from sustainability and conservation, to environmental protection and safety, at schools such as Smith College, Boston University and the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

Applications for the 2011 Walden Woods Project Scholarships are available on line. Lincoln-Sudbury Regional High School Senior-http://lssf.org.

Juliet Trofi
The Walden Woods Project
The Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods
44 Baker Farm
Lincoln, MA 01773-3004
(781) 259-4703 ph



DeCordova Sculpture Park and Museum Participates in the Lincoln Winter Carnival

DeCordova is very excited to welcome Lincoln to its wintry campus in celebration of this year's Lincoln Winter Carnival. Join deCordova in embracing the chilly months as a community January 29–30. Visitors to deCordova may bundle up and participate in a guided snowshoe tour of the Sculpture Park or keep warm viewing the new winter exhibitions and a theater performance in the galleries.

Saturday, January 29, 10 am: Snowshoe Sculpture Park Tour

A Museum Guide and an Eastern Mountain Sports instructor will lead a 90 minute tour through the, hopefully, snowy Park. The cost is \$18 for members, \$28 for non-members, and \$14 for children ages 8–14, and includes snowshoe rental, instructions from an Eastern Mountain Sports instructor, and admission to the Sculpture Park and Museum. Reservations are required; please contact the Head of Membership and Community Outreach, Liz Herring, at 781.259.3631 or cherring@decordova.org to reserve a spot.

Sunday, January 30, 2 pm: Public Tour, Winter Exhibitions

On view: Rachel Perry Welty 24/7, *Drawing with Code: Works from the Anne and Michael Spalter Collection*, Lucien Aigner: *Photo/Story*, and PLATFORM 6: Barbara Gallucci: *Utopiary Terrace*.

Sunday, January 30, 3:30 pm: Robert Rivest Mime Theater

In collaboration with deCordova, the Lincoln Nursery School will present Robert Rivest Mime Theater in deCordova's Dewey Gallery. Tickets are required and can be purchased through the Lincoln Nursery School; please call 781.259.8866 for details.

deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum
51 Sandy Pond Road
Lincoln, MA 01773
781.259.8355
decordova.org



Cover Artist Sarah S. Brannen

Sarah S. Brannen is the author and illustrator of *Uncle Bobby's Wedding*, published by G. P.

Putnam's Sons in 2008. She illustrated *The ABC Book of American Homes* and *Digging for Troy: From Homer to Hisarlik*, both for Charlesbridge Publishing. Forthcoming books include *Mathias Franey*, *Powder Monkey* (Twin Lights Publishers, 2011), *The Pig Scramble* (Islandport Press, 2011) and *Tooth Truth* (Scholastic Press). Sarah has illustrated for several children's magazines and she is a regular contributor to *Skating Magazine* and icenetwork.com. She grew up in Lincoln. To see more of Sarah's work, visit www.sarahbrannen.com.



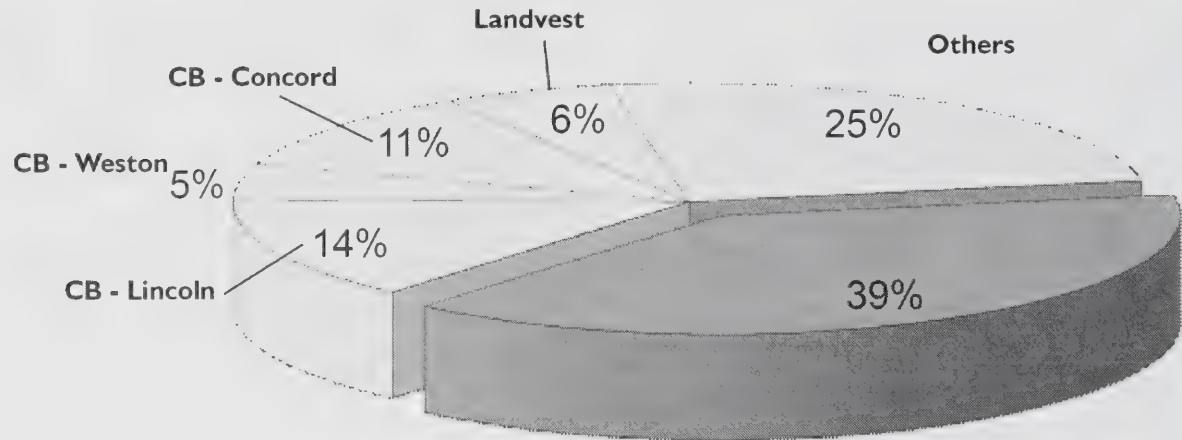
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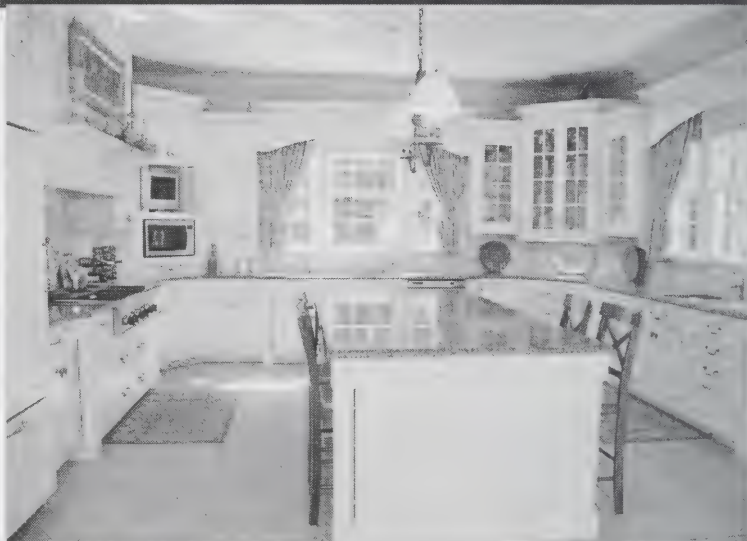
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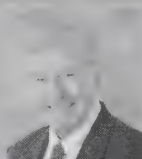
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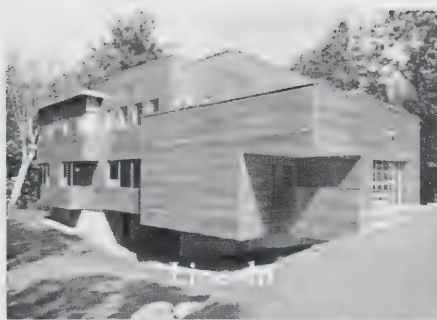
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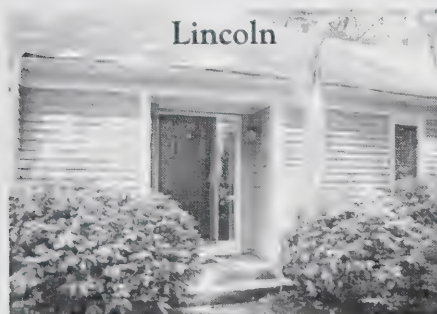
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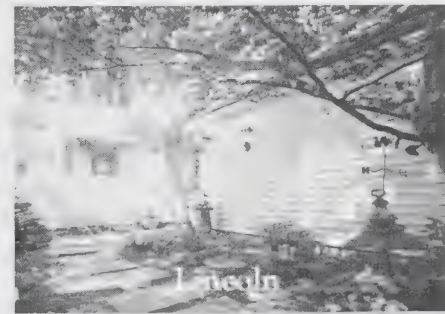


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16 Lincoln Road

Lincoln, MA 01773

Phone 781 259-0784

Fax 781 259-1333

www.LincolnRec.com

Winter Carnival 2011

Friday, January 28-Sunday, January 30

The Winter Carnival is an annual event sponsored by the Recreation Committee.

It is designed to foster a sense of community throughout the Town of Lincoln. All events are sponsored by Lincoln-based organizations.

Please check individual event details for age limits, admission fees, pre-registration information, etc.

We encourage you to attend as many programs as possible, and thank you for your dedication to the community of Lincoln.

Friday, JANUARY 28

COUNCIL ON AGING MEMORIES!

1:00 - 2:30 pm Bemis Hall

As we look to the New Year and the future, come to a special presentation of videos of past Council on Aging celebrations, including Top of the Town, Strawberry Socials, Spring Flings, and more! This special Winter Carnival presentation will be here at Bemis Hall in the Map Room. You are welcome to

come for all or just some of the time and, as always, delicious refreshments will be served! Come see yourself, view your friends, and remember good times of the past while looking forward to even more spectacular times to come! All are welcome! **Free!**

COMMUNITY BINGO NIGHT!

6:00 - 8:00 pm Brooks Gym

Back by popular demand and not to be missed!

Loads of prizes, pizza and plenty of play!

Sponsored by the Lincoln PTA. All are welcome--

K-8 and beyond! **Free entry, Pay \$5 per Bingo**

Card game(19-game multi-pack).

SNOW SCULPTURE CONTEST

Design & build a winter sculpture in your own front yard. Register with the Recreation Office by 5 pm.

(781 259-0784). Judging will be completed Sunday

morning. Get creative!! **Awards for all!**

Saturday, JANUARY 29

GIRL SCOUT BREAKFAST

8:00 - 10:00 am First Parish Church

Start your carnival Saturday with homemade, all-you-can eat blueberry, chocolate chip, or plain pancakes! Also, enjoy face painting and shop from this year's selection of Girl Scout cookies!

Fee: \$8 per person/\$5 for children

MAGIC GARDEN FUN!

10:00 am - 12 noon Hartwell a pod

Visit the Magic Garden Preschool located on the Hartwell School complex for games craft activities, and light refreshments. Come join the fun! **Admission is free!**

WINTER FUN at DRUMLIN FARM

All weekend DrumlinFarm

Make Drumlin Farm part of your Winter Carnival weekend! See animals in their winter homes, look for wildlife tracks, or make some tracks of your own on our trails. Drop-in naturalist programs take place on Saturday and Sunday at 10 a.m., 11:30 a.m., and 2:30 p.m. Call 781-259-2200 for more information. **Free admission for Lincoln residents.**

SNOWSHOE TOURS

10:00 am & 12:30 pm deCordova Museum and Sculpture Park

The tour meets outside the Museum building entrance. Take a guided snowshoe tour of deCordova's Sculpture Park. Tour includes snowshoe rental, instructions from an Eastern Mountain Sports (EMS) guide, and admission to the Sculpture Park and Museum. The tour is approximately 1 ½ hours long and the back-up date is Saturday, Feb. 5. **Reservations are required.**

Contact Liz Herring at 781-259-3631 or eherring@decordova.org by January 26. Fees: \$18 deCordova Members; \$28 non-members; \$14 children ages 8 – 14.

CODMAN ESTATE FAMILY FUN

10:00 am - 2:00 pm Carriage House

The Codman family enjoyed many pastimes at their beautiful country estate, the Winter Festival family fun activities represents many of their leisure pursuits. This years Winter Festival craft activities at the Codman Estate include Victorian card making, herbal sachets, farm animal mobiles, watercolor painting, photographic collage, and musical sing-a-longs! Materials are supplied. **Snow date January 30. Free!**

MAGIC SHOW FOR ALL AGES

1:00 pm Lincoln Library

Come see the show audiences are calling "Superb!", "A blast!", and "Heartwarming fun for the whole family." Join magician and juggler Scott Jameson for a performance that will have you laughing out loud and perched on the very edge of your seat. Umbrellas will be plucked from thin air, a drawing will come to life, basketballs will be spun and juggled, and a member of the audience will unlock telekinetic abilities. **Free!**

COMMUNITY SKATING

1:30 - 3:30 pm CEMETARY POND

WEATHER PERMITTING! Enjoy the company of your neighbors for skating, hot chocolate, and roasted marshmallows by the campfire. Bring your own skates. Event status will be confirmed at our office (0784) and our website (www.Lincolnrec.com) by noon. **Free!**

LFA & LSF ENERGY BLASTER!

3:00 - 5:00 pm BROOKS GYM

Join your friends and burn some energy! Joust on inflatable platforms, jump in a bounce house and try your skill at a variety of indoor games. Take a break with snacks and a raffle sold by the Lincoln School Foundation. Fun for all ages! **Free for Lincoln Family Assoc. members; \$2 per child for non-members.** If you join LFA at the Energy Blaster, new membership includes admission.

FRIENDS OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE presents:

Phillip Johnson: Diary of an eccentric architect

3:30 - 5:30 pm Codman Carriage House

The film focuses on the three principal buildings that formed Johnson's personal design laboratory. We visit the famous "Glass House" where the landscape outside is his "expensive wallpaper", the guest house without windows, and watch as he imagines and builds his subterranean art gallery. This is a rare glimpse into the act of architecture where Johnson is his own client. Refreshments will be served. Seating is limited. **The screening is free and open to the public.**

THE ONE AND ONLY acoustic Coffee House 2011:

7:00 - 10:00 pm Bemis Hall

Our annual night of music and fun! Bemis Hall is the place to hear a "who's-who" lineup of Lincoln musicians! Hot coffee, tea and desserts will be served while local talent performs for your enjoyment! **REGISTRATIONS CAN BE MADE ONLINE IN ADVANCE AND ARE STRONGLY RECOMMENDED. DOORS OPEN AT 7:00 PM AND ANY REMAINING SEATING WILL BE ON A FIRST-COME, FIRST SERVE BASIS..** For performance opportunities, contact the Recreation Office at (781) 259-0784. *Not for children.*
Admission is \$10 at the door.

Sunday, January 30

LOVELANE WELCOMES EVERYONE!

1:00 - 3:00 pm Lovelane Farm

Come visit our talented herd of therapy horses! Take a tour of our barn, enjoy warm drinks and snacks, have some fun and learn about the amazing benefits of therapeutic riding and how it can enhance the quality of life for children & young adults living with a variety of disabilities.

1-1:30pm: Tours, refreshments & meet our staff.

1:30-2pm: Therapeutic Riding Demonstration*
(Please arrive on time as it is disruptive for both horses and students to allow latecomers into the ring)

2pm-3pm: Tours, refreshments & scavenger hunt.
Admission is Free!

"HIT ME WITH A HOT NOTE"

2:00 - 3:30 pm Lincoln Library

Mary Crowe, Ed Marshall, Evelyn Harris perform Jazz, Blues, and Theater Songs with warming refreshments. Sponsored by the Friends of the Library. **Free!**

WINTER EXHIBITION TOUR

2:00 pm deCordova Museum & Sculpture Park

Take a guided tour of deCordova's winter exhibitions *Rachel Perry Welty 24/7*, *Drawing with Code: Works from the Anne and Michael Spalter Collection*, *Lucien Aigner: Photo/Story*, and *PLATFORM 6: Barbara Gallucci: Utopiary Terrace*. **Tour begins in the 3rd floor lobby of the Museum and is free!**

FAMILY MIME SHOW

3:30 - 4:15 pm DeCordova Museum & Sculpture Park

Join the Lincoln Nursery School for the Rivest Comic Mime Theater's *Laughter is the Best Medicine*, a collection of Robert Rivest's most humorous and heart warming mime stories. Like all Robert's shows, it is full of audience participation and laugh-out-loud interactive pieces. Robert also improvises audience suggestions and teaches a few awe-inspiring illusions. **Admission is \$8/adult, \$5/child (\$20/family max).**



Town Archives Vault Outreach Program

Want to know more about the house you live in? Have a hankering to get genealogy information on your Lincoln grandparents? Researching local trees, roads, or businesses? Curious about Lincoln in the Revolutionary era?

The Lincoln Town Archives is ready to help you.

On the fourth Saturday morning of the month from 10-1 p.m. beginning January 22 at the Lincoln Public Library, Volunteer Docents will help people with their Lincoln-related historical and genealogical searches of Lincoln Town Archives materials. The Docents are Lincoln residents who are knowledgeable about local history and are ready to share their interest with you.

So come on down to the Lincoln History Room at the library. Contacting the archives in advance will give us a head start on your query, increasing your chances for a successful search.

All of the Volunteer Docents were trained by Lincoln Town Archives staff: Jeanne Bracken, Curator, and Marie Wasnock, Archivist. For more information about the Volunteer Docent program or to contact them about your research before meeting with the Volunteer Docents, send email to mwasnock@minlib.net.



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EYE ON THE SPARROW

By Rhoda Taschioglou

Now that Sparrow has had several months to explore cyberspace with her WoofMac Pupster iPad, we find that her areas of interest are expanding from gossip and giggles about famous fauna to more substantive concerns.

This trend was clearly evident when – after an unusually intense session of tail-wagging and hand-licking-- she inquired yesterday about our estate plan, specifically what provision we have made for care of her and her offspring following our departure to the next life.

Apparently, after downloading a biography of Leona Helmsley's dog, she has been participating in a blog with other readers, mostly residents of Manhattan and Los Angeles, about how to manage their owner's behavior to insure adequate long term protection for their quality of life.

Caught off guard, we spilled the contents of our coffee cup on the newly cleaned kitchen rug, and pointed out that she is not going to be having any offspring. When Sparrow asked "*Why?*" we realized that she had not fully absorbed our explanation of the Stork Thing occasioned by her visit to the vet several years ago to be spayed. (In retrospect she had seemed bored and cut off the discussion saying, "Yeah, okay, now can I have some cheese?")

Furthermore, since she is still unclear about how the process works, Sparrow has made some false assumptions about the potential significance of the attention she gets from various studs when we take walks. That confusion would explain her request a few weeks ago for guidance about what to say when she gets "hit on."

Sparrow looks like a half size version of her slender and elegant Doberman dad, and since Gisele Bündchen is her big WoofMac idol, she has cultivated her own persona into a skittish but classy runway model wearing a black dress with subtle ecru accessories. So, consistent with her image, we told her to toss her head and say to the sniffer, "I will have a Gray Goose on the rocks." That ploy has confounded most of her suitors, although one rambunctious German Shepherd burst out laughing and said, "Geez, what's the matter with Sam Adams?"

Meanwhile, we are headed off to the library for a good book entitled something like *No Litters* to facilitate another discussion about the Stork with Sparrow. She will need to understand fully the parameters of the issue before we take her to visit the estate planning lawyer next week.

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What's Mine is Yours... *What's Yours is Mine...*

By Deirdre Niemann

A Saturday treat for most Lincolniters is a trip to the Dump, euphemistically known as the Recycling Center. At the Center on 2A, friends and neighbors laugh and chat. Promoters of specialty programs solicit written endorsements for their causes. Candidates for public office button-hole voters to tout their qualifications and encourage support. Kids throw glass bottles into the glass receptor and delight in the crash of breaking glass. The week's newspapers and plenty of plastic bags and tin cans are tossed into their respective containers.

After the tossing, everyone heads to the Recycling Hut to check out the unwanted treasures of the hour left by others – books, photos, decorative art, jewelry, knick-knacks, vinyl records, CDs, DVDs, *National Geographics*, kids' toys, mirrors, even cribs, rocking chairs, desks and tables, bicycles and skis. The overflow is on display in the rear Annex, much like a small free-for-all store, where one can find clothing, lamps, tea sets, glassware and chinaware, along with toys and sports equipment.

One might call it the Weekly Gold Rush. I have come home with innumerable treasures – a pink Chrysanthemum in stained glass that now hangs in my dining room window, a set of jacks for a five-year-old neighbor, decorations for every holiday of the year, a hand-painted ceramic platter from Italy, a golden wrought-iron angel, a rotating spice rack for the kitchen counter.

At our house, Christmas Eve is a time of celebration. Close family friends have been joining us non-stop for over 40 years. After a gourmet dinner, we enjoy the unwrapping of gifts, mostly fun objects of small monetary value – some from the Dollar Store or the monthly Book Sale that benefits the Lincoln Public Library. The Town Recycling Center contributes its share. This year there were candles, Mickey Mouse and pink Bunny dolls, as well as a large, colorful Lady Bug Pinata that, when the string was pulled, let loose a cascade of small gifts. Guests scrambled for candies, small toys and decorations, even floral potholders for the kitchen.

I have left my share of treasures that I were snatched up as soon as laid to rest on the table – an oversized flashlight that a neighbor grabbed for a nighttime view of his roof, a warm Indian blanket that a senior citizen picked up immediately to snuggle under in her rocking chair. I have left winter boots, file folders, plastic bowls for cookouts, and a large glass vase perfect for Easter Lilies.

Join the fun. Check your basement, attic and closets for your personal overflow and head to the Dump. It's time to "live lean" and share the wealth. At the Town Recycling Center, it's a two-way street, a place to give and to receive.

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A collection of winter sights.

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I joined Fitness Together at the end of November. The reason I joined was because I had reached a plateau in my weight loss odyssey. I was able to lose over 130 pounds on my own. I reached a point where I knew I deserved better than working out in my basement. I also knew I needed to shake things up a bit.

After my initial evaluation, I was assigned a trainer. After the

first few sessions I set some personal goals for myself. I never realized how unbalanced my muscles were, and un-coordinated I was. Working with a trainer made me realize that I was working out incorrectly a long time and was thankful I never injured myself previously.

I now am able to step up and down on a bench, do 20 plus push ups, and my confidence has increased tenfold. I look forward to every session that I have with her.

I would HIGHLY recommend Fitness Together to anyone who has a fitness goal.

Sincerely,
Lisa Vanama

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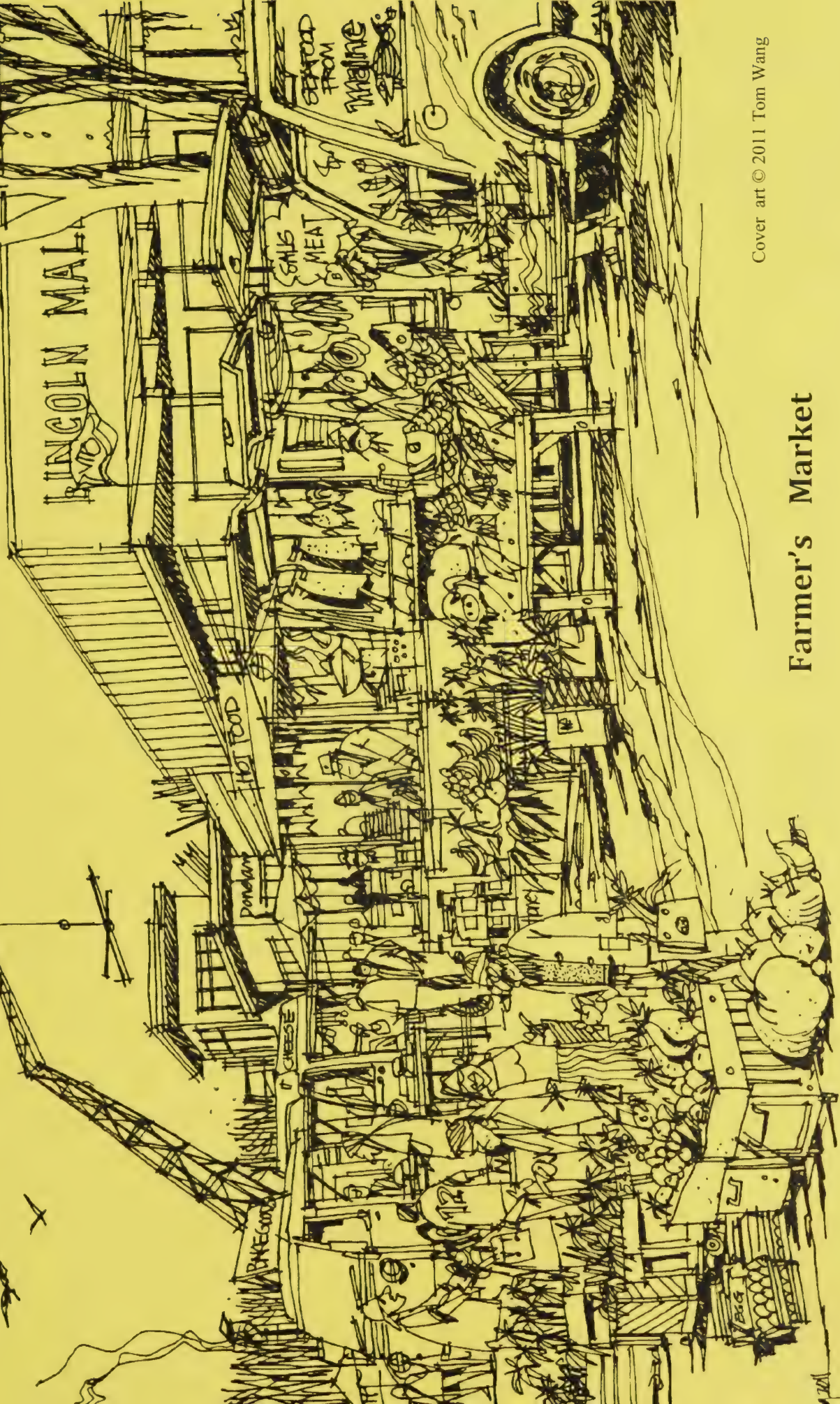
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The Town Speaks

From the Moderator

This year's Annual Town Meeting doesn't appear to present any unusual or particularly controversial matters or procedures, as best I can foresee, (of course such a prediction is always subject to being proved wrong by events on the Town Meeting floor!) and so I thought it might be of interest to give a little history of Town Meetings (with acknowledgment of, and thanks to Jack MacLean's book "A Rich Harvest").

The first Lincoln Town Meeting was held on April 24, 1754 - just five days after Lincoln was incorporated by the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The bill, which was enacted on April 19, 1754, took parts of "the Easterly part of the Town of Concord, the Southwesterly part of the Town of Lexington and the Northerly part of the Town of Weston ..." to create the new Town of Lincoln. At that first Town Meeting the "qualified male voters" elected a Moderator (Chambers Russell) and five Selectmen, a Treasurer, a Town Clerk (Ephraim Flint, who was also elected one of the five initial Selectmen and the Treasurer) and numerous other minor officials (e.g. two fence viewers - an important post in those days) to get the new town up and running. The business conducted at that first town meeting has a familiar ring - dealing with the location of the School and providing for a "school master"; appropriating funds to repair the roads ("ways"); and accepting a meeting house for the Town. Funds were also appropriated for other town expenses (one of which does not have a familiar ring - the payment of the minister's "salary").

Town meetings have continued uninterrupted for the past 257 years with many more votes today (over forty Articles this year, contrasted with four in 1754), and with much larger appropriations, but there were back then, according to a 1764-5 census, fewer than ninety households and a population of only 649 (including 28 slaves!) in Lincoln.

With that brief historical review we come to the Lincoln of today with its wise government, fostering and preserving the Town's long tradition of good schools and open space protection, operated in large part by able and dedicated volunteers (well over 200 at last count), supported and encouraged by a small staff of talented and hard working town employees. Having had a small part in recruiting some of those volunteers, and also having been well served by the Town employees, I am continually impressed with the willingness of townspeople to serve and the energy and enthusiasm they and town employees bring to their service for the town. Keep it up, all!

Jack French, Moderator

From the Selectmen Changing of the Guard

To the casual observer, Lincoln may seem a place that doesn't change as time goes by, and to some this is its appeal. Those who deal with Lincoln's governance day-to-day, however, know that this is far from the truth. Lincoln does change, as we must, in response to the needs of our citizens and the demands of the greater world in which we live. Just saying "no" is not a realistic option. The Town's genius has been its ability to foresee problems and to respond creatively to manage change in order to retain control of its destiny and to preserve its core features.

What has enabled this genius? Certainly one element is a strong sense of identity. It is impossible to organize efforts to preserve critical elements of community culture if these are not clearly understood and widely shared. Again and again, Lincoln's citizens have reaffirmed these cherished features set forth in the town Vision Statement:

- Open space and rural, agricultural character
- Diversity in all its various forms
- Quality education and
- Town Meeting governance.

Another key element is citizen engagement. It is one thing to espouse values, it is quite another to put them into action. Lincoln deliberates, often slowly in the Lincoln Way, but then we act. When residents foresaw a wave of development with the opening of Route 128, we fashioned public and private approaches to preserve open space and prevent wholesale suburbanization. We got ahead of state mandates and diversified local housing options by creating affordable units on Lincoln's own terms before they could be dictated by profiteering developers. The recent acquisition of the MacDowell property assuring the preservation of 77 acres of agricultural land and the collaborative development of The Groves senior living community with 32 affordable units are but two recent examples in a long line of achievements that are not only envied by conservation and housing advocates both local and national, but they are extraordinary for having been accomplished by a non-professional, volunteer citizenry and government. The spirit of the Minutemen happily still lives in Lincoln!

These strengths, clarity of vision and citizen engagement are all the more important as Lincoln faces new challenges. We need to renew failing and outdated physical infrastructure at Town Offices and the K-8 school campus and to meet the expanding needs of the

Council on Aging. Citizens both use and pay for these facilities, so we must creatively balance needs against our resources. Recent developments have raised concerns about our longstanding relationships with Sudbury at Lincoln-Sudbury Regional High School and with the schools we administer under contract with the Department of Defense on Hanscom Air Force Base. Parents, students and citizens more generally are deeply concerned that funding levels limited by Sudbury's financial situation will force reductions in the scope and quality of the education that L-S can provide. At Hanscom, the right of the for-profit housing developer on the base to lease units to non-military families threatens to burden Lincoln with education costs for students from households that provide no tax revenues. Both of these relationships have been very beneficial to Lincoln, and we hope that they can be maintained, but the way forward is uncertain. Careful, informed, strategic consideration of our options is the order of the day. Along with these new challenges, tasks remain with regard to high profile open space acquisitions and to clearing state-mandated affordable housing hurdles to retain control of development.

At the same time the Board of Selectmen, which has been fairly stable for nearly a decade, is seeing significant turnover. Our new members who represent a younger generation on the one hand and lifelong Lincoln perspective on the other, bring different backgrounds, skill sets and connections to the Town reflecting the diversity in the community and equipping the board to communicate and lead effectively. But meeting Lincoln's challenges will, as it always has, require the participation of many, not just the few in leadership positions. Thus we encourage you to participate in this small and very tangible experiment in direct democracy that we call Lincoln. If you have been to many Town Meetings, thank you, and we hope you will continue to grace us with your active support. If you are new to the Town Meeting experience in Lincoln, welcome. We hope you will enjoy the day (or more, if needed) and that you will not only return, but find a way to volunteer and engage more deeply in shaping your town's future.

From the Town Clerk

I've been thinking lately about Massachusetts law and cloud computing. No, really! Bear with me, if you will.

One of the many blessings of this office are the three hundred and fifty-one municipal clerks in the Common-

wealth, a knowledgeable and generous group, and their professional associations, the MA CITY & TOWN CLERKS ASSOCIATIONS. Two issues rank high among their current concerns:

1) A comprehensive, collaborative and timely approach to election law review. All of the last three state election cycles have been marked, some might say marred, by significant and last minute changes to election law. The 2011-2012 session of the Massachusetts legislature is certain to see a raft of pre-presidential cycle ideas and initiatives on its agenda. The Clerks' associations are keen to address those ideas, but in a timely, pro-active, and comprehensive manner. They have proposed, in House Bill 3115, the formation of an Election Law Task Force, to bring all the stakeholders to the table, to share with them our "on the ground" experience in the administration of elections, and to work together to find a rational way forward.

2) Finding the right balance in the dissemination of public information in an electronic era is another pressing challenge. As you may have noticed, this office, like many municipalities, has long since declined to print annual birth information in anything other than aggregate form in response to growing public concern about identity theft. So that question now arises about the Street List. Do we limit, as we currently do with information concerning minors, its distribution to certain classes of recipients, e.g., public safety, legislators, fellow residents? Or do we want, for instance, to go all electronic? Print no books? The MTCA has filed House Bill 1970 which will provide access only to certain delimited classes, such as public safety departments. We will see where it goes.

We'd be pleased to hear from you, gently, on either or both issues.

On a different plane altogether,

The year ahead will mark the first big leap of the Town Clerk's office into the ether. The Department of Public Health is just now beginning to introduce the first components of a cloud based system of vital records. The roll out is slated to occur over a period of years, and has begun with birth records this year. The system will ultimately be accessible from any clerk's office in the Commonwealth. How cool is that? Please be patient with us as we learn the new system.

Susan F. Brooks, Town Clerk
March 2011

Lincoln Finance Committee

The Lincoln Finance Committee advises and makes recommendations to Town Meeting on the budget and other areas of finance. The budget process starts in late summer of each year, and continues until about mid February. We work closely with the four main budgeting agencies -- the Town, the Library, the K-8 Schools and Lincoln Sudbury Regional High School -- and with other boards and committees to help develop a budget that is fiscally prudent, that reflects the Town's values, and that meets the needs of residents.

For FY '12, the Finance Committee is recommending an operating budget of \$29,725,450. For the fourth year in a row, the budget can be funded without an operating override. Proposed departmental budget increases from FY '11 to FY '12 are:

Town	1.9%
Library	2.0%
K-8 Schools	2.4%
Lincoln-Sudbury	-0.2%

The FY '12 budget is largely a level services budget, with only minor new spending initiatives, and with the exception of the high school, which will likely experience a decrease in its service level.

The Town continues to benefit from its solid financial position, established before the national economic crisis, a conservative approach to budgeting, and new tax revenues generated by The Groves construction. In addition, we benefit from the cooperation of our Town employees who cooperated with the Town's proposal to move the town's health insurance coverage to MIIA. Lincoln has a bond rating from S & P of AAA, the highest available rating. The high bond rating reduces the Town's costs of borrowing money and reflects strong financial management.

The Finance Committee projects that the property taxes on an average home (assessed value of \$1 million) will increase by about \$295 (2.38%) on account of the proposed operating budget. In addition, debt approved at last year's Town Meeting (IT Plan, Ambulance, K-8 School Feasibility Study and MacDowell Property) will be added to the tax levy for an increase of \$213 (1.72%). If the proposed renovations to Town Offices is approved at Town Meeting and at the polls, the addition of that debt will increase property taxes by approximately \$209 (1.69%), for a total tax increase on the average house of \$717 (5.79%).

The proposal to renovate Town Offices is the only bonded capital project on the warrant this year. If \$1,000,000 of CPA funds are approved to pay down the principal balance of this project, the total borrowing will be on the order of \$5,800,000:

Until the economy recovers, revenues from state aid and local receipts are unlikely to increase. To minimize the impact on residential real estate taxes, the Finance Committee will continue to carefully scrutinize all spending requests that go beyond its annual budget guideline.

For 2010-11, the members of the Lincoln Finance Committee are Peter Braun, Eric Harris, Karl Geiger, Sanj Kharbanda, John L. Koenig (chair), Laura Sander and Ellen Meyer Shorb.

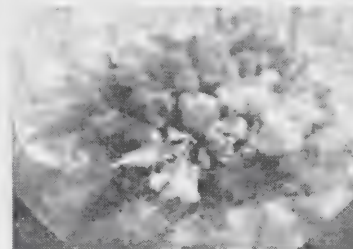


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Why Now? How? When?

School Committee, Lincoln Public Schools

March 2011

The Lincoln Public Schools (LPS) are in the midst of a feasibility study to address the physical needs of the school. The school is one of the institutions at the heart of the community, and as we move forward, it is important that the community understand why and how we undertake this study.

Last year, the Massachusetts School Building Authority (MSBA) identified 21 school projects where the needs clearly justify a major capital investment. Lincoln was among those selected (out of 238 applications) for the following reasons:

- Our need for classrooms that take us forward into the 21st century by supporting team teaching and collaboration, providing flexible project spaces, and integrating technology.
- The school's lack a cafeteria and kitchen.
- Major systems (heat, electrical, septic, and plumbing) have been well maintained, but have reached the end of their useful lives.
- The building envelope (windows, walls, and roof) is very inefficient, resulting in a utilities bill of roughly \$300,000/year.
- The school facility is not compliant with the Americans with Disabilities Act.

The most recent renovation, in 1994, successfully brought together the Smith and Brooks buildings, added classroom space and a library, but did not address these issues. Now is the time to tackle these problems for a couple of reasons: 1) The cost of doing nothing will include high utility bills, expensive systems repairs, replacement of failing roofs, an inefficient heating system, and bottled drinking water; and, 2) We recognize that a building project may incur significant cost, but by working with the MSBA, the Town will be reimbursed for 40-45% of the approved solution.

To date, the architecture firm leading the feasibility study, OMR, and the School Building Committee (SBC) have conducted four "visioning sessions," gathering input from over 150 teachers, administrators, members of Town boards, and community

members. Over the next three months, OMR and the SBC will do as much as possible to continue to elicit community feedback on a range of options that are educationally sound and fiscally responsible. In June, the SBC will vote on a preferred option based on this feedback, and will hope to receive final MSBA approval for the preferred option in the fall. The community will be asked to vote on funding for the plan at the 2012 Town Meeting.

The School Committee knows that there is a lot for the community to consider as it decides how best to proceed. Lincoln places a high value on quality education, an investment that makes it an attractive town in which to live, and we are grateful for its generous support of the schools. We invite all members of the community to become involved in the feedback sessions, ask questions, and be part of a creative solution.

--Jennifer Glass, Chair
on behalf of the Lincoln School Committee

Lincoln Cemeteries Preserve our Heritage

Cemeteries are where communities maintain a connection between generations. They are repositories of history, art, and horticulture as well as physical remains. While all of us are stewards of the memories and outward signs of respect, it is the role of the Cemetery Commissioners to oversee in practical terms the care of grounds and monuments and prepare for the interment of future generations.

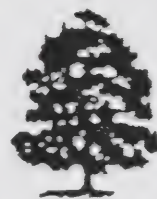
Does this sound somber and serious? Actually, it can be quite lively and enlightening. Currently, we are working with monument conservators Minnie and Jim Fannin to make a master plan for sustained and organized conservation of our lovely stone grave markers. We learn more and more about the unique artifacts here in town, but also how they fit within the history of our region in artwork, carving traditions, and cultural values. In addition to that, we learn that old methods of stonework are still used most effectively in repairing them - with a few exceptions, such as replacing iron posts with stainless steel.

The Commission got approval from Town Meeting in 2005 to expand the Lexington Road Cemetery toward the Wheeler Fields. Clearing, grading, roadwork,

water connections, surveying – it is a longer process than one might expect, but we really hope to have lots ready to sell by fall. Again, we learn many new things as we deal with each necessary step.

We have tried to make the finding of plots easier in the Lexington Road Cemetery by making a map and naming sections of the network of roads. The large map and list of where to find plots according to their number can be found inside the entrance to the right just before the road splits into branches. The road names will be marked on signs posted on trees to help visitors find their way around. Since the names used refer to trees and shrubs, the Commission has been adding plants to make the visual identification easier and the area more attractive. Members of the Lincoln Community (see Town Report) have been generous with their time, plants, and efforts to help with this horticultural enrichment.

The Commission works closely with the DPW and the Town Clerk is our official Cemetery Agent. If you have questions about what is going on, please call any one of the Commissioners or our Agent. Manley Boyce (chair), Susan Harding, Jack Pugh, Commissioners; Susan Brooks, Agent



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The Lincoln Council on Aging



The Lincoln Council on Aging is a branch of the Lincoln Town government with offices and facilities in Bemis Hall.

The COA in its mission “strives to enrich the lives of Lincoln residents 60 years of age or older by providing ongoing activities and programs. Assistance is available for problem solving or finding services, so that senior citizens find it possible to enjoy more years of independent living in their homes.”

The Council on Aging can be of significant help to those who are concerned about their aging parents. The COA is able to give referrals and assist in locating health aides or others to assist aging parents. Referral can be made to locate aides outside our local area.

The COA has a Senior Men’s Coffee (Breakfast), from 8 to 10 AM, the third Thursday of each month. This allows one to meet other men and expand friendships. There is no structured agenda or topic of the day, merely coffee and conversation. Social interaction is the key.

On most Mondays at 12:30, we have Lincoln Academy. This program is in its third year. Programs are presented by Lincoln residents on many interesting topics.

COA services include: Free rides to medical and other appointments; Counseling on health insurance, medical bills, and long term care needs; Medical equipment loans; Home delivered meals (Meals on Wheels from Minuteman Senior Services); Supportive day cars for adults who need help to continue to live independently.

The COA has many exercise programs tailored to the needs of seniors including: Water Exercise at Healthpoint in Waltham, Fitness and Strength Training, Tai Chi, Yoga, Line Dance, Bowling, Ping Pong, and Wii Fit.

The COA works with Minuteman Senior Services, a regional agency based in Burlington, serving 16 area towns. Minuteman receives significant funding from the state. It offers many free services for income eligible clients or on a fee basis for other clients. Services include: Senior Case Planning and Management, Memory Disorder Consultation, Money Management, Nursing Home Ombudsman, and other services.

The COA has a monthly newsletter sent to all residents in town. Look for it and keep up to date on COA services of benefit to you, your parents, neighbors, and others.

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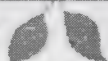
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HELP FOR RESIDENTS MOST IN NEED

: Programs for Those with Financial Emergencies, at Risk of Falling, or In Need of Support

By Carolyn Bottum, Director, Lincoln Council on Aging

The Lincoln Emergency Assistance Committee has, for many years, helped Lincoln residents of all ages in extreme financial need through the Lincoln Emergency Assistance Fund. This Fund, supported by individual donations and administered by the Council on Aging (COA), provides once-in-a-lifetime help of up to \$500 for situations in which this amount would enable a Lincoln resident to remain in our community. An example would be if a resident lost a job and was being evicted due to failure to pay back rent, but could keep up current payments.

Over the past year, the Committee has expanded to also oversee the Small Necessities Project. This Project, funded by the Ogden Codman Trust and administered by the COA, is for lower income residents of all ages. The Project gives cards in small amounts for emergency food and medication, provides urgent home repairs, and pays for one or two nights' lodging when an unexpected catastrophe renders a resident's home uninhabitable. The cards are distributed and lodging arranged through the COA and Public Safety and home repair is coordinated through the COA.

Older residents with all levels of income who are concerned about their risk of injury from falling are invited to benefit from the "Home Safe Project." This Project, also funded by the Ogden Codman Trust and implemented by the COA, offers free visits from physical and occupational therapists who can give you recommendations on making your home safer.

All these programs and services are part of efforts to make sure that help is available to our residents most in need. In addition to these formal programs, the COA, the Police and Fire Departments, First Parish, St. Anne's Church, St. Julia Parish, Minuteman Senior Services, and the Commission on Disabilities have been working together to coordinate their services. For example, last fall this group began the "You Are Not Alone" campaign to let Lincoln seniors know that they may call any of the group's members for help or support.

For more information on any of these initiatives, please call the Council on Aging at 781-259-8811.

The Lincoln Council on Aging: Looking to the Future

By Carolyn Bottum, Director, Lincoln Council on Aging

The Lincoln Council on Aging is, more and more, not just where older residents receive services and attend programs especially for them but also a place where the generations and the community comes together. Now and into the future, the Council on Aging is reaching out to younger residents and town organizations to make life in Lincoln better for everyone.

Over the past year or so, we have found a number of ways for Lincoln's children, teens, and elders to have fun together. Classes from the Lincoln Nursery School come over to Bemis Hall to sing along with seniors. We also had teens come to the COA weekly over the summer to help our older residents with computers, cell phones and other gadgets. The Lincoln Family Association (LFA) has joined us in a "Gadget Teach-In" at the Library and a ping-pong tournament, and later this spring we are planning to go on an intergenerational hike with the LFA and the Junior Hikers. Most recently, a class from The Magic Garden began kicking up their heels with our tap dancers. Next month, instrumental groups from the Middle School will delight COA audiences with a very special concert.

The COA has also worked with local performers and organizations to offer programs. Last year, we were treated to concerts of classical music by Lincoln musicians. We also had special tours of the deCordova Museum, Gropius House, Codman Community Farms, and The Food Project. We have just begun our partnership with the Groves but already those who live in the community and at The Groves are enjoying programs at both Bemis Hall and The Groves. In addition, the Groves has generously offered use of their van to take community residents grocery shopping while Donelan's is closed. Each week our Lincoln Academy offers lectures by speakers from or associated with Lincoln or Lincoln organizations on a range of educational and cultural topics while our art gallery features artists of all ages.

The COA is now looking towards a future with even more community collaboration by working with other Town departments on a proposal for a feasibility study that could result in a community center. We invite everyone to join with us in future endeavors to bring together Lincoln residents and organizations to benefit those of all ages.



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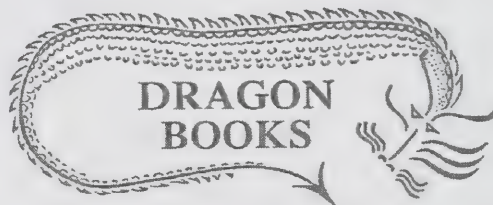
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Just a Piece of Driftwood

By Enid Winchell

The rain is streaming down, melting the soggy snow and making me so relieved that my doctor's appointment was cancelled. As I sit at the computer, I look up and see this small, beautifully ocean-washed piece of driftwood. The sinews of the tree it came from are still very visible and give a graceful strength to the body of the small figure. The expression on the mythical face is hard to describe but there is a pleasant smile under a strong snout and a pompom hairdo. The eye is gently closed in an altogether friendly aspect as the head tilts towards me.

It immediately brings back memories of happy days on Sand Dollar Beach on Greenings Island. Sand Dollar Beach is aptly named since it is the only one where sand dollars can usually be found and it is also the only beach that has a beautiful stretch of soft sand sheltered between rocky ledges that reach out to sea. It is perfect for beachcombing as the tide brings in rows of driftwood and lobster buoys that have been cut loose as well as other flotsam. Some visitors cannot resist collecting ropes of all lengths and colours, others love the sea glass and one friend of the family has collected enough lumber to build additions to his house in Maine. We have always paddled around seeking starfish and less captivating sea cucumbers and in recent years there has been snorkeling and skin-diving for more acceptable foods

I am tempted to go ahead with the current narrative of family vacations at this well-loved island but want to acknowledge those who first discovered this hospitable place. It was, of course, the Native Americans who came in their dugout canoes and found easy shelter and a wealth of sustaining foods. A little research suggests that it was the Nipmuc Indian Tribe which is part of the Wabanaki Confederacy that wandered the meadows, forest and shores long before we did. They probably came in the summer time when deer were to be shot by bow and arrow and the fishing and clamming were easy. They left deep piles of clam shells

near "our" picnic rocks which provided many hours of happy digging for arrow heads and hand tools. Many of these are displayed in a small collection on the island.

The Nipmucs were displaced from Southern New England during the persecution and displacement of many tribes. They survived by joining together and therefore lost much of their own culture, stories and even their language. The Nipmucs took on the dialect of the Narragansett Tribe and settled in Maine. They had no reservation but were renowned in the 20th century for their bead work and their beautiful and useful baskets which summer residents were happy to buy. These were still available when I first came to Maine in 1941. Naturally the Nipmucs have assumed modern dress and homes but are part of a proud movement to preserve their culture and language for future generations.

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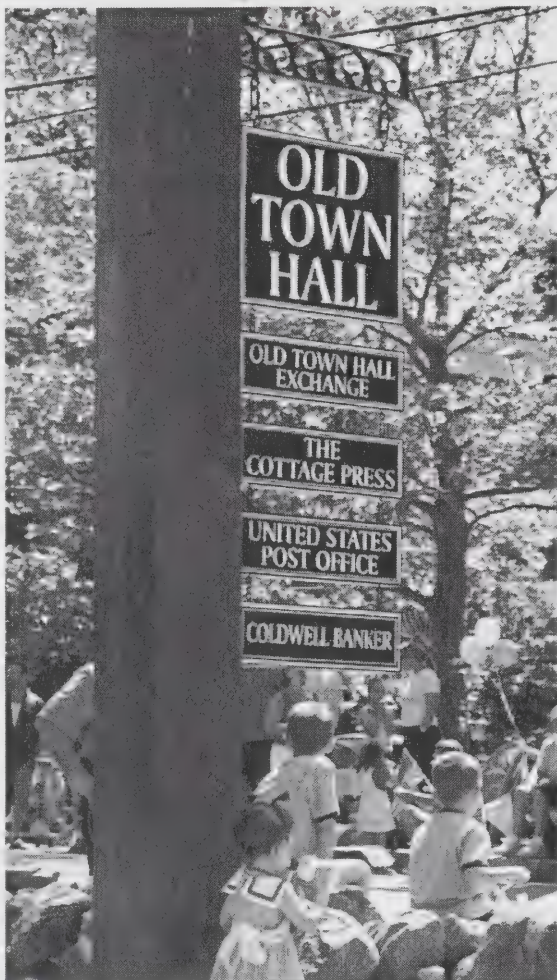
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Loitering in Lincoln

Paul and Peggy Marsh

By Jeanne Munn Bracken

It's hard to conceive of a more interesting Lincoln couple than Paul and Peggy Marsh. For more than half a century, the Marshes have been woven into the Lincoln fabric, raising their sons here and serving faithfully on several town boards and committees. They now have 5 grandchildren, the youngest born last summer.

Since both are passionate about local history, it is appropriate that they live in one of Lincoln's oldest buildings, one of the Wheeler houses predating the Revolutionary War. Sitting high above Bedford Road, the lovely home has been updated a bit but still has a kitchen fireplace and other colonial touches. With a love of old architecture, Paul is pleased that the house hadn't been "updated" (read: damaged) before they purchased it. The windows have been replaced and a mud room/pantry adjoining the kitchen is now a charming and sunny dining nook overlooking the pastures and outbuildings. The octagonal barn above the house has housed many horses over the years. Today there is just one, which is "sort of" Peggy's.

A Harvard graduate, Paul taught history at Brown & Nichols School in Cambridge as well as working at Arthur D. Little and MIT. Having survived a serious illness a few years ago, he admits to slowing down, but he still loves to talk about the history of his corner (hillside, really) of Lincoln.

Peggy Marsh, a Smith graduate with a PhD from Harvard, taught for years at the Concord Academy, the Buckingham School, and at Wellesley, where she also worked in the dean's office. She has been a library trustee, on the school committee (twice serving as chairman), on the traffic committee "for about two minutes," the water board, the Board of Appeals for 12 years, and is now on the Agricultural Commission, with the goal to encourage farming pursuits in town and foster ways to sustain farming and land preservation. She also has worked at the library in the senior tax workoff program.

Peggy's central interest has been horses. She has had several at a time, Morgans mostly, which she drove in shows and competitions, with a roomful of ribbons to show for it, although she doesn't display them now.

Paul and Peggy met as Harvard graduate students. Both served in the military during World War II, Paul in the Navy and Peggy in the Women's Army Corps. Married 63 years, they lived for a time in Peggy's grandfather's house in Weston, but that building was demolished during construction of the Mass Pike. First they went to Winter Street in Lincoln and then bought the Wheeler house from a descendent of the original family when the Rural Land Foundation divided the Wheeler property. About ten years ago they placed a preservation restriction on the property to foster agricultural use into the future..

The Marsh's Wheeler House (there are others in town, including one just across their driveway) was owned long ago by William Wheeler, who was liquor agent and general town father, serving on the school committee, as road agent, overseer of the poor. Gardening on the property, the Marshes found a brass plate "Wm. F. Wheeler Lincoln Mass #31" which Paul speculates might have been a church pew marker.

Although the house originally had only a partial cellar and crawl space, it now has a fully excavated cellar built from the early 18th century foundation.

Peggy was also a founder of the *Lincoln Review* with Ruth Hapgood on the editorial side. *The Review* was created because the community was not pleased with local coverage in the *Fence Viewer*, the newspaper at the time. They thought of starting a newspaper and after discussion with various knowledgeable people, the *Review* was born. Peggy notes that there has always been a lot of support in the town for the *Review*, with folks pleased to write for the magazine.

And the rest, as they say, is history

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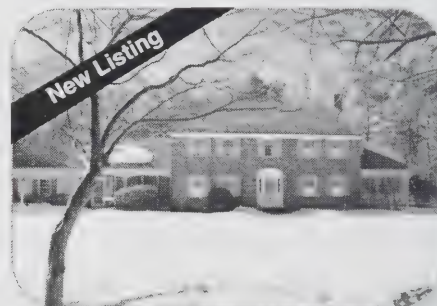
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December 8 2010		You asked for it – now you got it – All Request program
February 9 2011	Harold McAleer	"Old, new, borrowed, blue" A potpourri of jazz.
March 9 2011	Norm Nichols	"Lighten Up II" Don't miss it !!!!
April 13 2011	Vern Welch	"A potpourri of jazz"
May 11 2011	Dave Whitney	"Boy meet Horn – Forgotten trumpet heroes"
May 25 2011	Annual Live Concert*	Our annual "live" jazz program featuring: Jeff Hughes "Lost in the Sauce" group

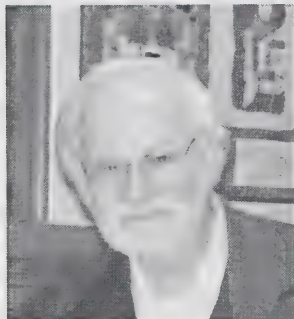
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Classic Jazz at Lincoln Library Presentations

LIGHTEN UP II

March 9 2011



By Norm Nichols

This is a continuation and second attempt at Lightening Up our jazz listening, though it will be hard to beat last month's, bring-an-instrument live performances, lecture for laughter.

This year Jelly Roll Morton backs up a Felix the Cat adventure again. JRM is serious jazz and needs a bit of help to lighten up. See Felix get in and out of mischief finding out what makes the moon shine.

Some time ago, Ted (the ever fresh question, 'Is Everybody Happy') Lewis was voted one of the five greatest showmen of modern times. Come to my talk and find out who the other four were. We will hear selections by his orchestra from 1927, 28 and 30.



You'll also hear a trad jazz adaptation of Barnacle Bill the Sailor sung by Hoagy Carmichael. In the food group, we'll listen to Chicken Ain't Nothin' but a Bird by the George Lewis band and Kidney Stew by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

The 1900's seem to have had a great disposition towards laughter with some of the most humorous lyrics ever written, many of them in the ragtime idiom. You will hear a lot of them in my program.

"A POTPOURRI OF JAZZ"

April 13, 2011



By Vern Welch

To the fans of Lady Gaga, Justin Bieber, Madonna, etc, read no further. Get ready for some travelling. This program is going to a jazz festival, going to the movies, to Der Cookery in New York, to Japan, to big band performances, studio sessions and local jazz performances. Wow !! You'll see and hear of two of what I believe are your two favorite jazz vocal duets.

You'll see the original musicians performing an unusual blending of instruments, which has been copied by many others since then, including one of our own local musicians. A singer who sang with one of the best known bands, when she was in her teens, she will entertain you, and bring a smile to your face, when you hear her lyrics when she performed (while she was in her eighties).

We'll see and hear a competitor's challenge to the well known version of Sing, Sing, Sing by Benny Goodman. We'll see two gum chewing percussionists. . Take a guess as to who are these artists and see if you agree about the two most popular vocal duets. It should be interesting.

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Locals Visit Rhode Island Flower Show

Article and photos by Deirdre Niemann

Leaving Winter behind, on February 24, a group of 22 locals boarded a Doherty school bus at the Lincoln Mall for a trip to the Rhode Island Spring Flower & Garden Show in Providence. Residents of The Groves, Farrar Pond and Lincoln Ridge joined the group, along with a couple from Lexington. The trip was one of many activities of community outreach organized and promoted by COA Director, Carolyn Bottum, Assistant Director, Pam Alberts and an enthusiastic staff of volunteers. Barbara Terrano, a member of the COA Board and the five-member Trip Committee, master-minded the Flower Show trip.

This was just one of many activities planned for senior Lincolniters by our Council on Aging. To name a few: *Spend Time with Others* is the theme at Bemis Hall. An abundance of appealing activities include monthly Senior Dining at St. Anne's Church, a joint venture of the COA, Friends of the COA, Minuteman Senior Services and Newbury Court. Also popular are the *Let's Connect Group*, *Senior Men's Coffee*, exercise and sports programs, art shows and films, and *Blissful Meditation*. Computer tutoring and instruction in digital photography are on the agenda. *The Lincoln Academy Program*, held Mondays at 12:30, features speakers from or associated with Lincoln who share their special expertise and unique experiences. *Lincoln Academy* presentations can be viewed on DVDs, available at the Lincoln Library and on line at www.lincoln.org.

The COA offers numerous day trips by bus or train to local destinations of interest, including a mid-day restaurant lunch. A monthly excursion by MBTA train takes travelers to excellent restaurants in Eastern Massachusetts. No need to sign up. Just show up at the train station at the appointed time. The trip to the Rhode Island Spring Flower & Garden Show was a special treat. We looked out on a snow-covered landscape on the one-hour trip to the Rhode Island Convention Center, location for the Flower Show. On arrival, we stepped through its doors into a floral wonderland, and felt much like

Mary Poppins stepping through a picture frame into her own fantasy world.

The theme for this year's Show, co-sponsored by the American Heart Association, was *Gardening with Heart*. At the entrance, a cluster of red heart shaped balloons set the tone. Twenty-eight gardens featured "love in bloom." Exhibitors included the Begonia Society, The Rhode Island Horticultural Society, Garden Designers of Newport, the RI Federation of Garden Clubs, local nurseries and garden centers.

A unique attraction was the *Queen of Hearts Garden*, an exhibit of horticulture and photography created by persons with autism at the Garden Network Greenhouse. The Greenhouse provides opportunities for people with autism to experience the confidence, satisfaction, and pure joy of creating a piece of art. Hearts and red flowers shared this beautiful presentation.

There were rock gardens, shade gardens, wild plant gardens, patio gardens, pools with orange carp and waterfalls. Asian woodcarvers worked on an imposing monument. Two large finished statues were on display. In the garden entitled *Piece of Paradise*, gardener David San Antonio surrounded a bird bath with red cyclamen clustered in the shape of a heart. The Rhode Island Horticultural Society captivated all with its garden, *Rhapsody in Red – a Night at the Heart Ball in Newport*, a fundraiser for the American Heart Association. A perimeter garden of red tulips set the stage for two costumed figurines—one in a shimmering red ball gown, the other in black tuxedo with red vest and bow tie. Not to be missed was a special side display of flower and fruit arrangements, many of which were decorated with prize ribbons. There were floral bonnets and floral bikinis. The four bikinis were a hit with both sexes. One was created with wrap-around Hosta leaves, decorated with hens and chickens, another with Lamb's Ears. They would not survive in the New England surf, but were show stoppers at the Flower Show.

Vendors also captured the attention of show attendees who were given shopping bags at the entrance. Displays included pots, gardening equipment, garden decor, flowers and plants. Lectures on the day of our attendance included "Sustainable Roses for New England Gardens," "People, Plants and Pollinators," "Container Gardening," and "Rain Gardens."

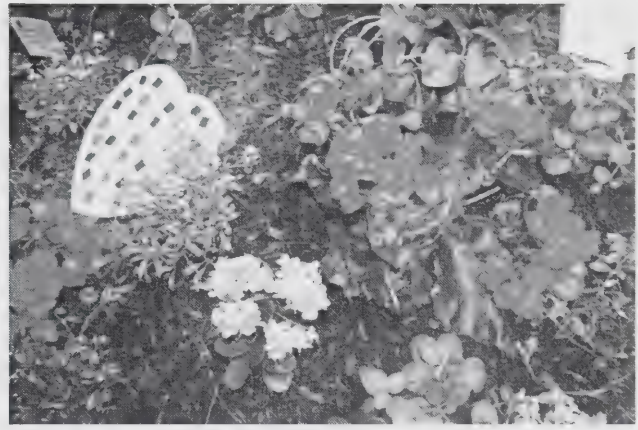
For our early-afternoon lunch break, we settled in comfortably at Murphy's Deli & Pub, a short walk from the Convention Center. It was established in 1929 and continues as a favorite Providence eatery. Sandwiches of corned beef, roast beef, turkey, ham and tuna were served on superb bread, with choices of slaw, cheeses, pickles and condiments. The House Special Reuben with corned beef and cabbage was my choice – flavorful, delicious and bountiful. Among the specials was Shepherd's Pie.

On the return trip, there was no border inspection for flowers and potted plants in transit. Hopefully, any Rhode Island bugs would be welcome in Massachusetts. On arrival back in Lincoln, we all headed with haste to our cars. Members of the group could be identified by their "green thumbs" and the smiles on their faces. The ladies clasped purchased plants close to their winter coats. My bus companion, Susan Bradford, a driver for the COA, brought home an African Violet. Thanks to the Rhode Island Flower Show sponsors, the American Heart Association and the Lincoln COA for a day of wonder and a glimpse of the fantasy of Spring that lies ahead. --/-



The Flower Show





Shawn Carey Comes to the Lincoln Library



Short-eared Owl, photographed in Massachusetts

© Shawn P. Carey (Migration Productions)

Shawn Carey of Migration Productions produces bird/wildlife multi-media presentations, videos, and photo workshops at events all over the U. S. Shawn also teaches a three-day summer photography workshop at the Mass. Audubon Sanctuary in Wellfleet, often with Lincoln's nature photographer Eric Smith.

Shawn will be making a Migration Productions presentation **Photographing Birds and other Wildlife: "Where, When, and How" in the Lincoln Library on Wednesday night, May 4**. This presentation will include photographs of some of North America's most beautiful birds in Massachusetts, Florida, Pennsylvania, Maine, New Jersey and other locations. The program is sponsored by the Lincoln PhotoShare Group and the Friends of the Library. The PhotoShare group is part of the outreach of the local library and this magazine.

His interest in birds started in 1988 when he moved to Cambridge. He already had an interest in photography but now began to combine his love of birds with his picture taking. Thus Migration Productions got underway with help from friend Jim Grady. Migration Productions has been doing programs for camera clubs, birding organizations and other natural history meetings for seventeen years. Shawn's pictures have been in The Boston Globe, New York Times, Science magazine, Mass. Audubon's Sanctuary and Mountain Sanctuary and other places. He is also a member of many bird clubs.

Over the last ten years digital technology has made nature photography popular. Shawn is looking forward to a lively give and take session with the audience. He realizes that there are many challenges to be better understood. Shawn will speak about photographing birds as well as the equipment needed. He will tell you the tricks of the trade and some lively stories.

Shawn's full-time day job is with AVFX in Boston where he is Operations Manager.

Mark your calendar

**The Lincoln PhotoShare Group
and the Friends of the Lincoln Library**

invite you to a presentation

**by Shawn Carey
Ardent Bird Watcher and
Nature Photographer**

on Wednesday, May 4 at 7 p.m.

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**Photographing Birds and other Wildlife
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**“I LOVE the natural world, if it walks, crawls, flies, swims or
slithers, I’ll photograph it.” Shawn Carey**

Winter Watch

By Mary Ann Hales

The vole was the first. In December after the early snows fell, he appeared in the snow bank in his inch-wide hole outside our kitchen window. He poked his dark pointed snout out quickly before vanishing back into his snow trail. We see voles every winter as they come for the seeds dropped from the bird feeder above. He was an expected winter visitor.

Then the winter became more adamant. Snow piled on snow and the tiny vole hole all but disappeared below three more feet of snow.

One morning the new snow was soft and fluffy. As we waited for the men to come and plow our driveway and shovel our walks, a brisk red squirrel appeared outside the window. He moved in jerky little steps and flicked his tail. He found the small entrance made by the vole and nosed his way in. He reappeared quickly, making a small circular tunnel and darted in and out, checking the seed situation at each turn. As the days passed, he made long extension tunnels running down into the snow banks below. He would exit no less than 15 feet away at the rear door. He popped out, showing only his head and the top of his body, alert and on the lookout for predators, then vanished down again. We filled the bird feeder each day and the birds and other creatures dined on the seeds and scatterings. The larger gray squirrels looked into the now-larger hole, but were not interested.

By mid-February the hole had become frozen hard from the cold spells. The entrance had grown larger. One evening as we ate dinner, the flicker of something moving quickly at the hole caught our eye. A small brown mouse darted in and out of the hole. He streaked out to snatch some fallen seeds and then seemed to jump the 6 - 8 inches back into the hole. I called him our 'jumping mouse,' but upon doing some research could find no such critter as a jumping mouse in New England.

Now in early March, the snow is melting and compacting. The four feet of snow have become a foot and the six-inch entrance is twisted and darkened by the husks of scattered seeds packed into the snow. The gray squirrels and awakening chipmunks creep by under the feeder, ignoring the abandoned tunnel entrance. The vole has disappeared. Soon this snowy refuge will melt away and be no more. Except in our winter watching memory.

© 2011 Mary Ann Hales

A BOOK REVIEW from Palmer Faran

Washington's General: Nathanael Greene and the Triumph of the American Revolution, by Terry Golway, Macmillan, 2006.

Born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1742, Nathanael Greene was brought up as a Quaker, a pacifist. Although he received only a very basic education, he became an avid reader. In addition to the Scriptures and writings from Quakers such as George Fox, he also read the writings of Roman authors, Seneca, Horace and Julius Caesar. In time he became Washington's favorite soldier. Washington once said that if he went down in battle, Greene was his choice to succeed him.

Terry Golway's thoroughly researched book explores the history of this remarkable man in a lively and entertaining style. Using documents, letters and diaries, he follows Greene's career from the siege in Boston, where he had been appointed commanding general of the Rhode Island contingent, to his command of the war in the South. Golway has uncovered Nathanael Greene's decisive role in the success of the war. At the same time his admiration of Greene is tempered by his recognition of the man's flaws.

After Washington sent Greene to New York where the Americans were overpowered and outmaneuvered by the British, Greene and Washington retreated with the army to New Jersey. The Americans had now lost first Long Island and finally Manhattan. The campaigns in New Jersey were part failures and part successes. Greene's record as a field commander may have been mixed, but he earned a good reputation as an efficient, if reluctant, quartermaster-general. He hated dealing with a recalcitrant Congress, but he understood from his readings and his own experience, that an army must be well clothed and fed if it is to be successful.

In 1780 the war in the South had suffered severe setbacks after the loss of several important battles. Washington entrusted Greene with this command, having confidence that he would understand what needed to be done. Greene followed an

unusual strategy of surprise attacks and sudden retreats. It was a tactic that we would recognize today as guerilla warfare, but at that time it was unusual and eventually wore down the British, pushing them out of the Carolinas toward Charleston and ultimately to Yorktown.

Living as we do in Boston and surrounding areas, we tend maybe to forget that the Revolution was largely fought and won in the South and it was nip and tuck. The British army was the finest in the world at that time; the Americans were untutored, ill-equipped and divided between Loyalists and Rebels.

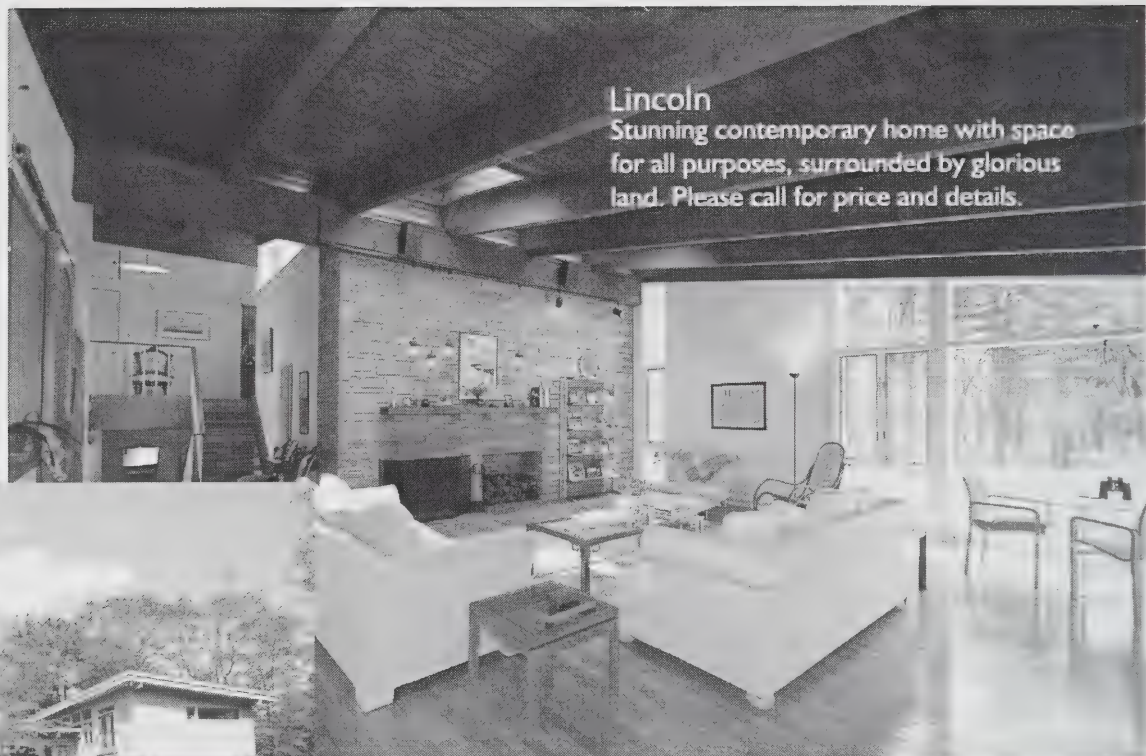
After the war Greene was given a plantation in Georgia as a reward from a grateful South. He moved his family from Rhode Island to Georgia and, following the ways of his adopted state, became a slave-owner.

This unlikely soldier who was born and brought in the North, ended up in the South where today he is remembered and revered. Greene is perhaps better known there than in his native Rhode Island. Greensboro, North Carolina is named after him, as well as many streets and towns in the Carolinas and Georgia. He died from complications of asthma and sunstroke at the age of forty-four.

About the new American Revolution Round Table

The Golway book was the second title shared by the new American Revolution Round Table (ARRT), a group dedicated to learning more about our nation's founding. Although there are ARRTs in other areas, Lincolnite Mel Bernstein was disappointed that this area was not represented. Working with other local aficionados, he created the new group, which began last fall by reading The First American Revolution, Before Lexington and Concord by Ray Raphael

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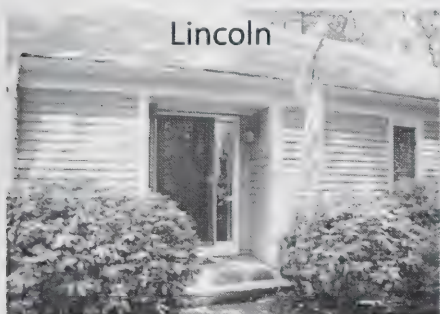
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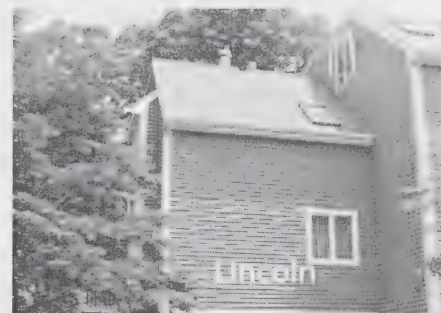
Light, bright, first floor one bedroom 55+, walk-out to patio and garden. \$228,000



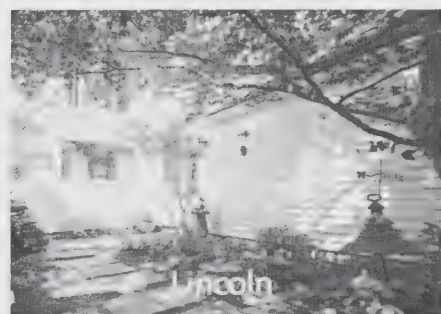
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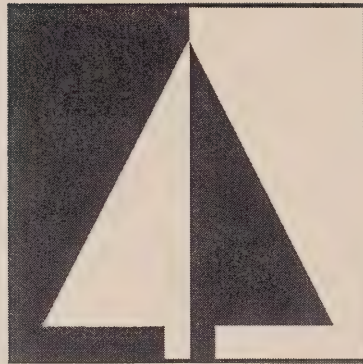
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Eyes on the Sparrow

By Rhoda Taschioglou

Now that spring is finally here, Sparrow web surfs less with her WoofMac Pupster Pad and spends more time outdoors, usually in deep in snout to snout conversation with some of the local canine contingent. While we are pleased that she has returned from cyberspace to a reality-based world, we have learned that you can never be too complacent about what ideas these hounds might be hatching.

So we weren't entirely surprised when yesterday she informed us that the presence of AKA Bistro in Lincoln has made a big hit with her pals; and since she is such a connoisseur of cheeses, they feel Sparrow should start a gourmet canine restaurant. They've already brainstormed some names—Bitches' Bistro; Stud Stop; The Bucks Stop Here (to appeal to hunting dogs); Fido's Feast; and, of course, Sparrow's Nest.

We remarked that the last name implied that the establishment would also be serving an avian clientele, an idea she summarily dismissed because she "doesn't want seeds all over the floor." In fact, the marketing focus of her restaurant will be *Creative Gourmet Meals for Dogs*, all made with all natural products to nurture a healthy body and lush, elegant fur. OK, we said, you should name it AKC Bistro and see if you can get an endorsement from the American Kennel Club. She loved the idea!

She showed us a list of typical ingredients, from a package of upscale dog food : roasted duck and quail, sweet potatoes and peas, tomatoes, blueberries, raspberries, chicory root, yucca extract, and a vast number of vitamin and mineral extracts.

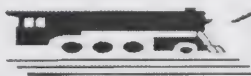
Given the high expense for ingredients of her menu, we felt obligated to point out that the economics of the enterprise might be dicey because the average gourmet restaurant accrues only 22% of its profits from sales of food. She assured us that she is planning to apply for a liquor license but only after she has accrued a large contingent of enthusiastic customers who will go and howl in her favor at meetings of the licensing board.

Meanwhile, we have agreed to help her prepare a sample of her planned signature menu item: salmon dog treats. These are made by combining organic salmon, grated parsley, potato flour, and eggs, plus flax and sesame seeds; mixing them in a food processor; then rolling out the dough, cutting it into cookie sizes, and baking at 375 for 20 minutes. (Garlic is optional.)

Ooops—the kitchen timer just went off.

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One of Springs Treasures - Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*)
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Reading is More Fun with a Dog

By Barbara Myles



Dogs in history were working dogs—herding sheep, catching rodents, fetching small game for their hunter-owners. Today dogs are most commonly family pets, but they are still workers: providing security, companionship, and exercise for their owners. Many are also trained as therapy dogs of various kinds, including reading therapy dogs. Learning readers can polish their skills by sharing stories with dogs.

Kids practice reading aloud at home and at school, but for more fun some kids also read to a dog at the Lincoln Public Library. The library's "Tail Waggin' Tutors" program expanded from one dog to three dogs last fall. These dogs range from a small mutt, Toby, to a medium sized Golden Retriever, Phoebe, to a large Newfoundland, Mattie. Their owners are Sally Kindleberger, JoEllen O'Neil and Nancy Bergen, respectively.

Zoë likes reading to Toby almost every week because it's fun. She sits on the couch between Sally and Toby and begins to read aloud from Too Many Rabbits by Peggy Parish. After a short while, Toby settles in and rolls into Zoë. (Sally describes Toby as "a stuffed animal with a beating heart.")

Zoë is a fluent reader now and reads with expression. Even though she is a first grader, she is reading books written on the second grade level. Toby is non-judgmental and seems to enjoy the story. At one point, Zoë laughs. She has read the next passage to herself. Sally laughs, too. Zoë reads the passage aloud and they both laugh again.

If Zoë does not know a word, Sally gives her a tip. "Try sounding out the first two letters," Sally suggests. Zoë does so and the rest of the word pops out of her mouth. Sometimes the picture above the words gives meaning to the sentence. Sally also recommends reading the whole sentence, skipping the word, and then thinking about what word would make sense in the sentence.

After reading aloud for about half an hour, it is time to practice dog tricks with Toby. Today Zoë brought dog treats. Toby begins sniffing the package excitedly before Sally opens the bag. "Sit pretty!" Zoë commands. Toby balances on his hind legs and begs for a treat. Zoë feeds him a treat.

Zoë's Mom, Jennifer, reports that reading to Toby "boosts Zoë's confidence." She is also pleased with how much fun Sally makes reading for Zoë.

Sally enjoys the "Tail Waggin' Tutors" program. "It's rewarding to see kids over time make such progress." JoEllen concurs and is pleased by how much fun the kids get out of the program. "Sometimes the child will bring a play date and both kids will read," she said.

Like Toby, JoEllen's Golden Retriever, Phoebe, is very excited to see the children. "Phoebe wags her whole body and the kids seem very happy to see Phoebe," says JoEllen. Amazingly, Phoebe, JoEllen and a reader can fit on the couch together. If Phoebe gets hot, she'll lie on the floor. One of her readers lays her head on Phoebe's stomach while she reads aloud.

All of the dogs have passed a test, given by Therapy Dog International, proving that they are well-behaved, willing to visit people and be petted. Dogs that pass this test are certified, insured, and registered by TDI as volunteer therapy dogs.

One of these dogs is available to read on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday afternoons, and Saturday mornings. For more information contact the Children's Department at the Lincoln Public Library. (781) 259-8465.



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A Day with Amelia

By Kara Mattox

When I first met Amelia, I couldn't believe the size of the thing. Most chickens are pretty decent size when they're all dressed with their suit of feathers but Amelia was different from all the rest of 'em. She was a tiny thing, which seemed to brave all different kinds of obstacles that the other chickens didn't risk, or maybe they just weren't smart enough.

It was a sunny afternoon on the farm. My tiny tot was by my side as we walked the barnyard looking for our feathered friend. You couldn't find her in the same space twice, unless she was in the pig pen! She always seemed to be on some sort of adventure or pestering a different kind of animal whether the goats or the sheep.

Approaching the hen house that day, we heard a very different kind of noise--one that spoke of panic and disruption. I'm not too certain what it sounds like when you're trying to kill a chicken, but I would assume it sounds something like the noise we were hearing.

"Why are they making all that noise, Mom?" My tiny tot asked curiously.

"Well," I responded "Let's find out!"

Much to our surprise there stood my husband and a hand full of helpers actually inside the hen house, running around like crazy folks attempting to snatch up a chicken!

"What on earth are you guys doing?" And then it occurred to me; the moment I spoke, I realized that today (cue scary music here) was the Day

of the Vet.

She had arrived much earlier that day, all covered up in her own kind of suit, showing no clothing but a blue skin of protective wear over her regular outfit. Not a strand of hair was hanging from her head, and both of her hands were gloved. The only thing noticeable at first glance was her spectacles, standing out on her face. She was the one. She was the cause of all the noise. She was the Vet.

Each person inside of the Hen house was required to catch a chicken. I don't know if you have ever witnessed such an event but for me, it was a first. They were chasing these things down by hand, and some of the more difficult ones by net, holding them upside down like they were shopping bags and passing them around. Each chicken was placed ever so carefully outside of the hen house through a tiny door. To imagine what those chickens were thinking while being held upside down and passed through a door like a cooked turkey on Thanksgiving! The Vet wasn't really an enemy. She was here to test each and every bird to ensure that we have healthy birds to sell fertilized eggs.

But where was Amelia?

My brave little rooster (who I so wrongfully named Amelia) wasn't anywhere to be seen. Her anonymity on the farm is the exact reason why I deemed her/it/him Amelia. Of course I wasn't thinking it was a male. And I certainly wasn't trying to offend anyone. I just admired this gutsy little bird that reminded me of the brave Amelia Earhart who always took to adventure and flying!

And this is where the irony of the entire thing comes together. The rooster that braved all odds and lived so independently on the farm was going to be killed by human hands if we could not capture her/him/it! There was no way that we could risk the health of the entire flock for one individualist that refused to be like the rest.

So where was Amelia?

"There she is!" Running around like a chicken that might get its head cut off, without knowing that that exact statement could come true if she didn't surrender to the (scary music again) Vet.

"Oh, my poor Amelia!" I'd say as I would cock-a-doodle-do in his/her direction in an effort to communicate. "What are you thinking Amelia?" I continued to plead. "I know this is the reason why I named you but you can't brave anything on this day.. If you do, You'll Die!"

Everyone who came to help that day ga-

thered around to form a workable plot to capture the last chicken!

And all of a sudden, "I have one more thing to do!" One masculine voice broke in the midst of everyone else's planning. "I'm going to capture that little rooster, and then I have to go home!" He said it so confidently. He said it like he had been capturing chickens all day --you know, all 130 of them? But just like everyone's favorite hero from a fairytale, my Amelia was captured and saved from his/her/its impending doom. Safe at last in the arms of the (scary music for the last time) Vet, tagged and numbered 131 for record keeping. Of course she had to be the "odd number" out. I mean, it just wouldn't have made sense to have exactly 130 birds!

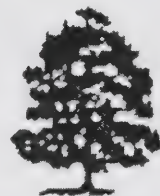
I always knew that I named Amelia for all the right reasons. I knew that her name would ring true one day because of the bravery and heart of my little feathered friend. But I really had no idea that she would come so close to braving a flight that she might never return from. I'm glad that her destiny was different.

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Critters in Lincoln

Animal Census Then and Now

By Jeanne Bracken

Lincoln is justifiably proud of efforts at land conservation. Along with agricultural (and residential!) properties come critters of all varieties. Of course, the numbers have changed and varieties have expanded.

For example, in 1911 there were 83 herds of cattle consisting of 763 cows, 32 heifers and 11 bulls. In 1945 there were 272 cattle (no longer sorted by age and gender) and in 2009, the town was down to 95 cattle. Then there were pigs: in 1911 there were 642, in 1945 a whopping 1211, and in 2009 a mere 15. One animal with a growth in numbers over the years is the sheep: in 1911 there were 6, in 1945 the census was up to 10, and today an impressive array of 84 sheep are residents (although nothing tops the 1750 flock of at least 120 on the Russell estate alone.) In 1911 there were reportedly 165 dogs (145 males, 18 females and 2 spayed females—if you believe that lopsided split of genders); today there are 522 licensed dogs (and probably a few more sliding under the radar). No efforts have been made to date to count the cats around town—a census that would be tricky, given the felines' reluctance to come when called. Also note that the variety of critters in Lincoln now is really varied, with (in 2009) goats, horses/ponies, donkeys, four llamas/alpacas, and a water buffalo included. This data is taken from town annual reports with intriguing background information from Jack MacLean's *A Rich Harvest*. One number does seem to be rather questionable; the 2009 report says there are no turkeys in Lincoln—disputable by anyone who has encountered those magnificent but supremely stupid wild birds all over the place. [Disclaimer: the census counts "farm animals" so presumably the wild turkeys don't count even if they are living on agricultural land.]

The Cat Sleeps

By Palmer Faran

Images of the cat...a pale face peering through the glass door waiting to be let in...dainty paws stepping carefully through the snow...in winter stretched on the sofa by the fire, or on a warm day lying on the deck.

Curled at the foot of the bed with her tail covering her nose and one eye open, the cat is alert, listening for the sound of the car returning. Sometimes the cat would be sitting by the front door to greet her mistress, but in warm weather she would wait outside on the front steps, waiting for their evening walk. At night they would cross the road to the field where she could chase bugs through the grass. Other times they walked a short way into the woods and she would scamper along the path and sharpen her claws on a fallen tree.

Her tail twitches. She is dreaming - dreaming of younger days. Of climbing trees, and leaping onto fences. Days when she tried to catch a butterfly in the air or hunt mice in the yard. Her favorite time was visiting the house by the ocean, where the air smelled of the sea and the birds fluttered by the bird bath. She could rest at the edge of the garden under the tall flowers where no one would bother her. Of course traveling in the carrier was hateful. After all, she didn't always know where they were going. Sometimes they went to a nasty place that smelled bad, where they poked and prodded and stuck her with needles.

Those days were over. Now the cat is content to lie on the bed or perhaps outside in the sun on a warm day. Squirrels chattering outside wake her. She stretches, licking her chest and one insufficiently clean paw. She jumps carefully down from the bed and slips out the cat door to the deck. The breeze across the pond is fresh and the sun beats down on the deck, but she is tired and it is time to rest.

The cat lay in the sun on the warm deck, looking out over the pond. The waiting is over. Her eyes close for the last time... she sleeps.

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“Pets” are Inevitable

By Betty Smith

I am allergic to cats and dogs so the only pet in my life growing up was Myrtle the turtle. It was quite entertaining having a turtle whose shell was about 2” across and would usually only appear when I was practicing the piano. She also liked to go under the warm radiators. Her home was supposed to be a bowl. I would put the turtle food in there. That was that. I now wish I had had a turtle as large as Lee Brown’s. Lee lived on Old Sudbury Road for many years when my children were growing up. Her turtle had a 12” shell, had the run of the living room and adjacent areas. He would just hide under the furniture and come out at will and he liked lettuce.

My next encounter was at my cousin’s farm in Vermont that we visited in the summer. It came equipped with cows, work horses, kittens. When I was 8 years old, I would hang around the barn and watch the milking. Sometime the kittens would jump up and the farmer would shoot the milk toward them instead of the bucket. I fell in love with a small brown and white kitten and would sneak into the barn morning and night to hold and pet my new friend. My eyes would run and I would sneeze all the time but there was no stopping me. One day my Mom told me that it wasn’t good for me to play with kittens. I was heartbroken.

When my son Dean was in the fourth grade in Lincoln, Mr. Drury asked if anyone would like to take home the classroom iguana over vacation. Jeff Drury assured me there was no work involved and the iguana was used to staying in a big box. Of course I said yes. No hair or fur, so no allergies. It seemed like a safe endeavor. But in the evenings when the usual boredom set in, the iguana was let out and he wandered around. The iguana grew to like that. However, as the summer progressed he got more and more restless in the big box, alias “cage.” Sometimes he was never put back in the box, and more than once he broke the light bulb in the cage which provided heat. I discovered this when I went to feed him water and lettuce. School could not reopen soon enough.

Then there are parrots. I didn’t have any around the house. When we were in Bermuda and walked to the boat to go over to Hamilton from the B&B, we were always sworn at by a parrot. Some guests didn’t approve. The next parrot episode occurred at the Lincoln Tennis Courts and I wish I had a picture to share. My opponent pedaled to the courts with a parrot on the handlebars. She asked where we were playing and placed the parrot on the net --- in the alley. I asked, “What happens if I hit the ball down the alley?” The answer, “The parrot will just flap his wings and get out of the way.” As I recall the parrot was on a long leash and I guess had good reflexes. An hour and a half later he was on the handlebars going back down Lincoln Road. The next time I was confronted by a parrot I was sitting at Roy’s Beach Bar in a restaurant in Anguilla. I was drinking wine and sending e-mails. The parrot liked to peck the keys and be an annoyance.

We have had intruders in our house. A carrier pigeon flew in and perched on the refrigerator for a few hours. After many tries, I called Randall, a neighbor’s son. He just took him outside. I still remember the time I came down stairs to find my son and husband staring under the piano. They said there was a snake there. My husband had a yardstick in his hand. It took quite a while. Red squirrels (or maybe it was the same one) have visited our house. Redsie chewed his way through the dining room metal screen door and ate the skin off an apple. He did a perfect job and left! A few days later, we left the same screen door open while I was making breakfast. Redsie hopped on the dining room table and ate Eric’s Cheerios. After throwing Eric a sheet to drop on Redsie, my daughter and I ran for the bathroom and we planned to stay in there.. Later I was told Eric just opened the screen door and Redsie tore out. He hasn’t been back—to my knowledge.

Do you think Buddy Dog might solve my pet desires?

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CJALL's Annual Free Concert Presents



Jeff Hughes
And
The "Lost In the Sauce" Group
May 25, 2011 @ 7:00 PM
Bemis Hall
Bedford Road, Lincoln MA

"Lost In The Sauce" had its origin about 15 years ago. **Jeff Hughes** (trumpet, flugel) had the idea to bring together some of the finest classic jazz players with whom he'd been privileged to play since the long-lamented passing of the "Sticky Wicket Pub" in Hopkinton. The band has found a loyal following at the "Sherborn Inn", where they are regulars on the music menu. Current and charter members of "Lost" are **Craig Ball** (reeds), leader of the great Boston big-band, "The White Heat Swing Orchestra"; bassist **Ken Steiner**, frequent contributor to several local groups of diverse styles; drummer **Dave Bragdon**, Craig's big-band percussionist as well as that for Stan McDonald's "Blue Horizon" band; and pianist **Richie Giordano**, with whom Jeff played in an early Ray Smith band at the old "Wicket".

The approach of the band hasn't changed from its beginning – to perform favorites from the great decades of American jazz, with an emphasis on personal and collective improvisation. **Craig** plays as hot a BG-inspired clarinet as can be heard anywhere. **Ken & Dave** provide imaginative and propelling rhythm with precision and grace. **Richie** is a prodigious stride and boogie pianist, alternately barrel housing with the best, then delivering a beautiful ballad. **Jeff** shows his love for Bix & Bunny in his solos and ensemble work. "Lost" recalls the days of hot swing and sweet ballads from the great jazz clubs along 52nd Street.

By the way...the band's name does not (necessarily) refer to the consequences of imbibition, but rather to the notion that, in today's hectic and confused times, many good things get "Lost In the Sauce".

For more information about CJALL contact the Lincoln Library at 781-259-8465

This story is based on my pet. It is a children's story and I imagine it illustrated with watercolor pictures.

PACO'S DREAMS

Paco is the "cover dog"

By Amy Fripp

Let me introduce myself. My name is Paco and I'm a Spanish Water Dog. I have a woolly coat of tight little curls in different shades of brown. Clive, my owner, calls them Rasta curls after Rastafarians. I have no idea what Rastafarians are but I do know that with my Mediterranean build, soft cow brown eyes, and powerful dark brown nose, I'm a very handsome dog. I also have webbed back paws which make me a strong swimmer. My tail was clipped when I was very, very little so instead of a long graceful tail I have a small stump. When I'm happy I wag my stump side to side. The happier I am, the faster I wag it.

Clive is a retired music teacher. Every day, at least once a day, he takes me for long walks in the big park behind our house. It is my job to make sure we have a tennis ball for our walks. Clive throws the ball over the low stone wall. I follow, then charge through the open field smelling for the ball. Sometimes I smell something delightful and have to follow that scent. When that happens I forget all about the ball until Clive tells me, very sternly, to find it. But by then I have forgotten the ball's smell, so I tilt my head ever so slightly. Clive then clambers over the wall and we search for the ball together. Sometimes we find it, sometimes not.

After Clive practices his sitar and does his nightly exercises, we go to bed. We go to sleep early so we can greet the sun in the morning. As Clive snores in his bed, I lie at the top of the stairs. I'm really only half asleep, since another one of my jobs is to protect Clive and the house from strangers all through the night. But sometimes I do fall into a deep sleep and that is when I dream. I have three dreams that feel so real, I find myself a little confused when I wake up. Let me tell you about them.

In one dream I live in the steep and rocky hills of Scotland. I'm what they call a herding dog. I get up with the sun, eat some scraps, then my master, Hamish, takes me out to herd the sheep. The hills are too steep and rocky for my master to climb so he depends on me to move the sheep. I run around the sheep in large circles, then crouch down and stare at them to make sure they all stay together. I wait for Hamish's whistle which tells me where to take the sheep. He has many whistles for me, but the one I like the best is two long ones; that means it is time to go home. At the end of the day when the sheep are safe for the night, I have my supper of cold mutton and roasted vegetables before the warm, crackling fire. By the time I finish eating, I'm so tired I fall straight asleep. Warm and happy.

Another dream is on the fishing boat. I'm an important part of a team of fishermen. A buoy falls off the side of the boat. Skip, the captain, commands, "Paco, quick! Get that buoy!" I jump off the boat into the salty sea. Swim my fastest to the buoy, grab it with my teeth and swim it back to the waiting dingy. Sometimes the captain tells me to swim the fishing nets away from the boat or retrieve an injured fish that has escaped back into the water. When I'm back in the boat after doing any of these important tasks, all the other fishermen tell me what a brave, helpful and smart dog I am. Just like Clive does.

But my favorite dream is Paco the Magnificent. I'm a circus dog.

The light dims in the big tent.

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, please welcome Paco the Magnificent!"

The crowd cheers. A bright spotlight follows me as I ride out on the back of white unicorn led by a very pretty lady. I'm wearing a long purple satin cape which falls behind me and over the haunches of the unicorn. On my cape in large silver sequin letters is written Paco the Magnificent. On my head is a leather bomber pilot cap and over my eyes is a pair of custom made goggles. Artfully draped around my neck is a white silk scarf.

"Paco the magnificent will now be shot out of a canon. Out of respect for the artist please be quiet."

There is a hushed silence. The pretty lady leads the unicorn to the canon, takes me off and gently puts me into the dark, tight space inside. Kaboom! I fly through the air with my front paws outstretched, my back paws straight behind me, and my back as flat as a table. My cape opens out like a pair of angel wings. The whoosh of the wind against my face pulls my floppy ears up and back. I fly for what seems like forever, but it is only a few seconds. Plop! I land dead center of the trampoline on all fours. After a few bounces the pretty lady puts me back on the unicorn and walks me around the big tent to the standing crowds and their thunderous applause.

I love my dreams but not as much as playing ball.

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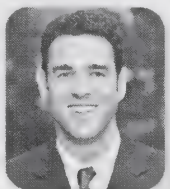
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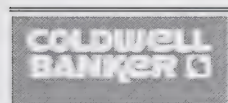
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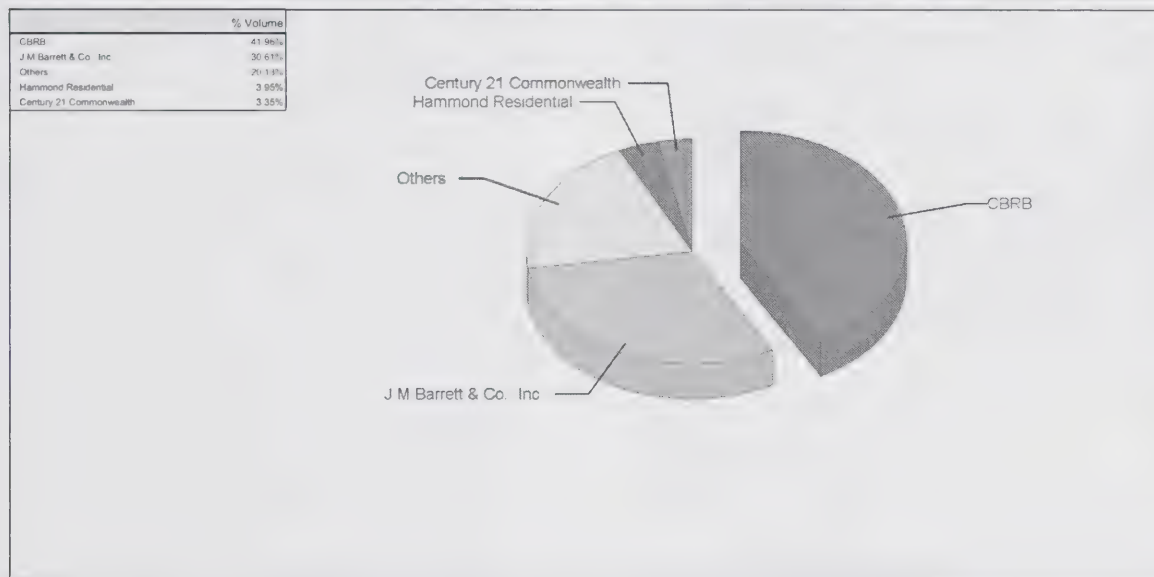
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What is Killing Our Bats?

What is white-nose syndrome?

White-nose syndrome is a disease affecting hibernating bats. Named for the white fungus that appears on the muzzle and other body parts of hibernating bats, WNS is associated with extensive mortality of bats in eastern North America. First documented in New York in the winter of 2006-2007, WNS has spread rapidly across the eastern United States and Canada, and the fungus associated with WNS has been detected as far west as Oklahoma.

Bats with WNS exhibit uncharacteristic behavior during cold winter months, including flying outside in the day and clustering near the entrances of hibernacula (caves where the mammals hibernate in winter). Bats have been found sick and dying in unprecedented numbers in and around caves and mines. WNS has killed more than 1 million bats in the Northeast and Canada. In some hibernacula, 90 to 100 percent of bats have died.

U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service Numerous laboratories and state and federal biologists are investigating the cause of the bat deaths. A newly discovered fungus, *Geomyces destructans*, is associated with WNS. Scientists are investigating the dynamics of fungal infection and transmission, and searching for a way to control it.

What bats are being affected?

More than half of the 45 bat species living in the United States rely on hibernation for winter survival. Eleven cave-hibernating bats, including four endangered species and subspecies are already affected by or are potentially at risk from WNS.

Bat species affected by WNS:

- Big brown bat
- Eastern small-footed bat
- Indiana bat (endangered)
- Little brown bat
- Northern long-eared bat
- Tricolored bat

Where is it now?

White-nose syndrome has continued to spread rapidly. At the end of the 2009-2010 hibernating season, bats with WNS were confirmed in 16 states and three Canadian provinces. This included Massachusetts.

Why should we care?

Bats are important predators of mosquitoes and other insects. A study from Boston University estimates that 14 -15 tons of insects are consumed each summer by the 50,000 Big Brown Bats that live within the bounds of Route 128. High bat mortality is a major concern to biologists because bats have a low reproductive rate. Since most bats raise only one pup per year, it would take decades for a bat population to rebound after a large die-off.

Of the eight species of bats currently found in Massachusetts, it appears that the types of bats most affected by WNS are the widespread and common Little Brown Bat, Tri-colored Bat and Northern Long-eared Bat. The rare, state listed Small-footed Bat is also affected by WNS. These bats hibernate in caves or mines. Big Brown Bats which generally hibernate in buildings are not yet seriously affected. biologists estimate that populations of cave dwelling bats have declined by as much as 96% since 2007. This year, Massachusetts' four cave dwelling bats, (the Little Brown Bat, Tri-colored Bat,) Northern Long-eared Bat and the Small-footed Bat have been proposed for addition to the State's Endangered Species list.

MassWildlife is working to protect the bats, proposing more species be added to the Endangered Species list. That designation would give the bat population an added boost to recover from the threatened disaster, and the bats could be so designated any day now.

Biologists estimate that populations of cave dwelling bats have declined by as much as 96% since 2007. This year, Massachusetts' four cave dwelling bats [the Little Brown Bat, Tri-colored Bat, Northern Long-eared Bat and the Small-footed Bat] have been proposed for addition to the state's endangered species list. A proposal to declare the little Brown Bat as an endangered species at the federal level was submitted in December of 2010.

Information for this article was drawn from the websites of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Mass-Wildlife, the State Fish and Wildlife agency. Also a thank you to Ellie Horwitz of the Mass. Division of Fisheries & Wildlife for providing up-to-date information.

DeCordova Presents *Ursula von Rydingsvard: Sculpture*

May 29–August 28, 2011

Lincoln, MA, April 20, 2011 – DeCordova Sculpture Park and Museum announces *Ursula von Rydingsvard: Sculpture* will be on view this summer from May 29 through August 28, 2011. This exhibition was organized by guest curator Helaine Posner for SculptureCenter in New York and features a selection of the 2008 Rappaport Prize winner's most significant sculptures, including wall reliefs and monumental cedar works created from 1991 to 2011. The presentation at deCordova additionally features von Rydingsvard's new works in handmade paper. The artist's most recent sculpture, *Elegantka*, commissioned especially by deCordova for this exhibition, will be installed on deCordova's roof and will return to the Sculpture Park at the conclusion of the exhibition tour in August 2012.

Ursula von Rydingsvard: Sculpture was previously on view at SculptureCenter in New York from January 23–March 28, 2011. Following deCordova, the exhibition will travel to the Museum of Contemporary Art, Cleveland September 23, 2011–March 25, 2012 and to the Patricia and Phillip Frost Art Museum at Florida International University in Miami April 18–August 4, 2012. This exhibition is accompanied by the book, *Ursula von Rydingsvard: Working* by Patricia C. Phillips.

Ursula Von Rydingsvard: Sculpture and its tour are made possible with the support of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, and Agnes Gund.

Programs

A Cell Phone Audio Tour, Family Activity Kit, and Family Gallery Guide will accompany this exhibition.

Artist and Curator Talk: Ursula von Rydingsvard and Deputy Director for Curatorial Affairs Nick Capasso
Saturday, June 11, 3 pm

Eye Wonder Family Program
Sunday, June 5, 1–3 pm, drop-in

All programs are free with Museum admission.

About the Artist

Ursula von Rydingsvard's first solo exhibition was presented in New York in 1975 and she has been exhibiting her work in museums and galleries internationally ever since. Her sculpture is included in the permanent collec-

tions of more than thirty museums, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City; High Museum of Art, Atlanta; and Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit. Major permanent commissions of her work are on view at the Microsoft Corporation, Redmond, Washington; the Bloomberg Building, New York; and the Queens Family Courthouse, New York. *Mad. Sq. Art: Ursula von Rydingsvard* was presented at Madison Square Park in 2006.

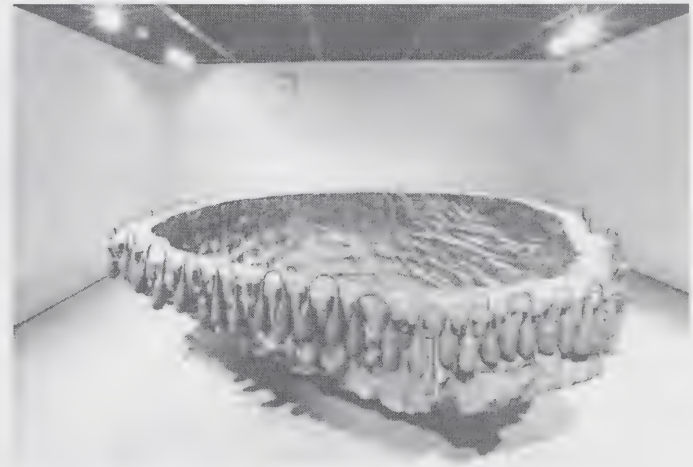


Ursula von Rydingsvard, *Five Lace Medallions*, 2001–2007

Cedar, Graphite, Chalk

Courtesy of the Artist and Galerie Lelong

Photo: Rosalyn and Michael Bodycomb



Ursula von Rydingsvard, *Ocean Floor*, 1996

Cedar, graphite, and intestines

36 x 156 x 132 in.

Courtesy of the Artist and Galerie Lelong

Photography by Jason Mandella

Continued on page 30



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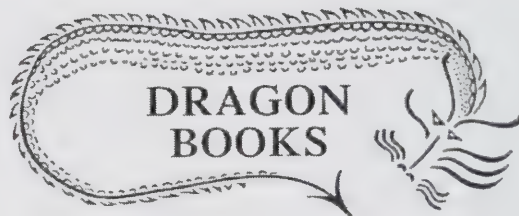
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Lincoln Road between Codman Road and Weston Road. May 1 thru June 12

Bedford Road between Trapelo Road and Route 2. July 11 thru August 23

Route 117 between Route 126 and railroad tracks. August 29 thru October 12.

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

Who do I call to report a hazardous roadway condition or other Public Works related issue?

Please contact us at 781-259-8999.

Who can I call after hours to report potentially hazardous roadway conditions?

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Dispatcher will contact standby DPW personnel.

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Saturday 7:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Where is the Lincoln Transfer Station located?

The Transfer Station is located off Route 2A, approximately 150 yards east of Hansom Drive.

How do I get a Transfer Station sticker?

Stickers are available at no charge. Stickers may be obtained at the DPW office on 30 Lewis Street or at the Transfer Station during business hours.

Do you collect hazardous waste?

Hazardous waste is not collected. Please call the Lincoln Building/Board of Health Department at 781-259-2613 or 2614 for specific disposal information.

How do I dispose of building and construction debris?

Construction and/or building debris is not collected at the Transfer Station. Please refer to the Transfer Station link on the internet for a listing of local contractors that will haul the debris. The local newspaper can also be reviewed for local hauling contractor information.

Is the Lincoln DPW responsible for all the roads in Lincoln?

No. Routes 2 and 2A, as well as Hanscom Drive are maintained by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and are therefore not under the care of the Lincoln Department of Public Works. For questions regarding these roadways mentioned, please contact the Mass. Highway Department at 781-641-8300.

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Tel: 781-259-8300

This material was gathered from the official web site of the Town of Lincoln.

OPERA NIGHTS

By Henry Hoover

A young man of twenty-four bent over a table by candlelight in Munich, music paper spread before him in disarray. His quill pen flew from the inkwell at his elbow to the blank staves on the paper. One ink-wet sheet after another fell to the floor, then another and another. Suddenly one of the world's greatest composers slid back, tripped over his fallen chair, and ran into the next room for more ink.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was beside himself. For five years, he'd itched to write an opera, a really good opera, a great opera. He told his father, Leopold, "How I long to write operas! I envy anyone who is composing one. I could really weep when I hear or see an aria." This, from someone who'd already written twelve of them, two at age eleven. These earlier ventures have generally good music; some are incomplete, others set to lofty plots way over an uncomprehending teenager's head, a few even done on spec with no assurance they'd ever get performed. Mozart wrote operas when no one asked him to. He just "had to do it". And now, *mirabile dictu*, a plum commission from the highest possible source found its way into Mozart's lap.

The letter was from Karl Theodor, Elector of Bavaria. Steeped in the Enlightenment and possessor of one of the best opera companies and orchestras in Europe, Karl Theodor was asking young Wolfgang for an opera to open the 1781 Munich Carnival season. The missive might well have come from Heaven.

The Elector ordered an *opera seria*, a form popular in the 17th and 18th centuries, which enshrined grave and noble passions drawn from mythology or classical drama in music to match. At about this time, the late 1770s, *opera seria* was beginning to seem old-hat. People wanted more "human" drama on the stage, with characters from today and situations they could relate to. In the right hands, *opera seria* was and still is appealing, like those of Handel. It hardly needs saying that Mozart's hands would also be "right" ones.

Intent on coaxing music from Mozart was a spidery text by one of Karl Theodor's court cronies, Giambattista Varesco: something about a king sacri-

ficing his son to angry gods. Mozart didn't choose his subject: patrons usually did. Karl Theodor was certainly familiar with the 1712 French play, *Idomenee*, a rehash of the biblical tale of Jephtha, the general who in exchange for victory in battle promises the gods he'll sacrifice the first person he meets upon sailing back home. Greeting him on the beach is his daughter.

Varesco cobbled together an Italian version, in which Idomeneo, King of Crete, returning by sea from the Trojan War, runs into a horrible storm whipped up by a touchy Neptune. The quaking Idomeneo promises to sacrifice to the god the first person he sees on shore. That person is his own son, Idamante. Hmm, says the king, this isn't going to work. Hoping to keep everything from Neptune and his own people, father sends son off on a trumped up mission to Greece. Neptune doesn't like that and sics a threatening sea monster on the kingdom. It's Full Disclosure time for Idomeneo. Calling Idamante back home, Idomeneo confesses that it's all his fault; he's the cause of Neptune's ire. He raises his knife to slay his son. Just then Ilia, the captured Trojan princess who loves Idamante, rushes in, offering to take his place. Neptune melts, forgiving Idomeneo, but commanding him to step down and let Idamante rule with new wife Ilia.

Mozart was at a point in his life where he could genuinely appreciate this story. He'd just come off a disastrous 16-month trip, accompanying his father to Paris, during which time he'd (1) fallen in love and (2) was rejected, (3) his mother had died, and (4) for all this he'd received no court appointment. The father-son conflict at the heart of the story was one that Wolfgang himself was himself experiencing with the well-meaning but overcontrolling Leopold. Mozart knew he had in hand an opera story he was looking for. The long letters existing between Leopold and Wolfgang constitute one of the most complete records we have of an opera in the making. Buoyed by energy and enthusiasm, they are also weighted by sweat, frustration and impatience. Varesco's text was a mess. How to re-shape it in a way that would satisfy him? Yes, it would be egg-shell delicate: among these peruked gentry, he was just the kid-composer.

First, the drama. Alone at his table Mozart cut and shaved, pruned and streamlined Varesco's lines according to his own dramatic and musical instincts. Thinking it too long, Mozart slashed all superfluous deities. Neptune alone remained, and

then only with nine bars of music. Why does Idomeneo disembark from his ship alone? No one does that. Let's either lose the ship or find the crew. Why should Idomeneo sing an aria caught in a raging thunderstorm? Let him rant in a recitative then run for it. Why must Idomeneo brutally sacrifice his son? Why can't father and son reconcile? (Why indeed? Wolfgang must have asked himself.) And why should people sit around and do nothing when someone downstage is singing. Either take out the song or take out the people.

Then, the singers. In Mozart's day, composers wrote for specific singers. The music was supposed to portray each operatic character while accounting for the strengths and weaknesses of each singer. If the voice of the *prima donna* wasn't especially agile, the composer shunned roulades and tirades in her music so wife may confront philandering husband with level gaze and even leveler music. The tenor has no high C? Don't give him one. But what goes when singers just didn't like their music? Happened all the time. They'd cavil, they'd rant and rage, refuse to sing their music and call Rewrite. An famous but aging "Caruso", who was in line for the title role of Mozart's opera, a worn-out old bird, thought he was hot stuff that gave him the right to push lowly composers around. Until he finally got the music he "deserved", he sent an aria back three times. His problem? The piece had too many "i"s in words he was supposed to sing.

So it went. Act III became so long and complex that Mozart confessed to his father, "My head and hands are so full of Act III that it would be no wonder if I were to turn into a third act myself." As the sun sank and rose, Mozart toiled at his labor of love, cutting and jettisoning even brilliant music if it held up the action. (Some ultra-complete recordings include these "discards" in appendices.) All the while, Mozart was supremely happy. In the eleven years remaining to him he would never be so happy again.

The premiere of *Idomeneo, Re di Creta* at Munich's Cuvilliés Theater on 29 January 1781 was an incredible triumph. The audience sitting in that ornate rococo jewel box was not prepared for what it heard. This was not Karl Theodor's or Varesco's opera; it was Mozart's. Gone were the customary stiff poses and implausible situations plaguing *opere serie*. Gone, too, the usual interruptions between arias: Mozart often runs one number into the next without a pause. This wasn't convention, but

it's life. In *Idomeneo*'s fast-paced world, who's got the time?

We may wonder that Mozart really did bring it off. As an 18th century musician, he was expected to be subservient to and stay in the good graces of his employers. Mozart could be rude and disrespectful, the impatience of genius before the sloth of mediocrity. The new opera's extraordinary success brought with it no permanent court position. Probably the Empress Maria Theresa had already influentially sealed Mozart's eventual poor fortune by bestowing on young Wolfgang and his father (to whom she had once granted a private audience) the incredible epithet, "useless people." One of Mozart's bosses was so fed up with the young upstart that he literally kicked him down the stairs, out of his house, and permanently off his payroll.

Despite its glittering premiere, *Idomeneo* succumbed to a Mozartean "also-ran" limbo. The 1960s saw it climb into the general repertory, where it sits securely as one of Mozart's six greatest, most popular operas. (The Boston Lyric Opera mounted an excellent production of it a year ago.)

It is said that Mozart valued and loved *Idomeneo* most among his works. We might at least empathize with Karl Theodor, who is said to have mused, as he walked away from the premiere 230 years ago: "No music has ever made such an impression on me. It is magnificent."

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Living in Lincoln

Meet Charger: (Wo)man's Best Friend

By Jeanne Munn Bracken

A columnist is a lucky person who can interview familiar people and find out a lot more interesting things about them. For example, Kitty Stein, a Lincolnite since 1979, was a founder of the town Disabilities Commission. A retired psychologist, she is a regular at Lincoln Library reading groups and other town events. Kitty doesn't travel alone. Wheelchair bound with a form of multiple sclerosis, she has two partners: John Langell and Charger. John is the witty one with the graying beard. Charger is the yellow Labrador retriever. Charger goes pretty much everywhere that Kitty goes; John doesn't always go join them.

Kitty and Charger have been a team for five years, allowing her a bit of independence. He opens doors for her, picks up things she has dropped, and calls John when needed, and generally gives her more a bit of independence. He has learned to pick up a piece of paper without tearing it and a pencil without leaving tooth marks.

Charger is not Kitty's first service dog. From 1998 to 2006, she had a golden retriever, Brando, a "native" of the Cayman Islands. Brando was a beautiful and popular dog in town and his sudden death was heartbreaking for many people besides Kitty and John. Because of losing Brando, Kitty went to the top of the list for a replacement dog, bypassing the ordinary waiting period. As it happens, a trained dog was ready for a partner and a home; Charger had failed in two previous attempts to place him, but with Kitty he clicked, although she and John had wanted another golden retriever, since they had had earlier pets of that breed. Luckily for them, a golden retriever named Fig Newton had washed out of the service training because he had a tendency to bark at other animals, especially horses. So in May 2006, Kitty and Charger were paired successfully. And Fig Newton went home with them, too, as a family pet. Charger and Fig Newton are good friends, mostly.

The dogs came from Golden Chimneys in Brewster, New York, a residential facility for kids who have been abused or neglected. Society has failed these children and teens, and training the dogs is a boon for both parties in the equation. The dogs teach the young trainers responsibility and self-respect as well as honesty; you can't lie to a dog. Dog and trainer learn to trust each other, and when the dog is trained and ready to be paired with a disabled person, the youngsters learn another painful adult lesson: separation and loss.

The partnership bond between canine and human takes a lot of work and development. Potential therapy or service dogs are raised from puppies with future service in mind. When they are ready, the dog and partner undergo a two-week period of testing and intensive training called "boot camp" for both members of the team. Charger was raised and trained under the auspices of the Educated Canines Assisting with Disabilities (ECAD) organization in New York State.

Another level of the training takes place at Children's Village in Dobbs Ferry, New York, a residential gated community for troubled boys from six through their teens. These students are chosen as those who have a good chance of "making it" as adults if they receive affection, education and support; they live there as an alternative to juvenile hall or prison.

Charger is a lovely dog and attracts a lot of attention wherever he goes. People with disabilities, including those in wheelchairs, are often ignored by passersby. Charger changes that and allows Kitty to be a more visible, engaged participant in the community.

While Charger is a friendly fellow, dog lovers should not approach him while he is wearing his service vest; he is working. When he is at ease, Kitty is willing to share him, with a few caveats: other people should not offer Charger something Kitty can't give him. This means that no matter how tempting it is, pet lovers should not crouch and hug

the dog, since Kitty is unable to. Kitty is the one who feeds him (with help from John as needed).

Charger, as a trained service or assistance dog, has privileges that most other dogs don't have. He can go into stores, restaurants, and onto planes and other public transit vehicles. Kitty notes that with the rise of personal therapy dogs, there is an ongoing issue to determine what rights those dogs (trained to provide comfort to people in various situations but not with physical handicaps) should have. While there are some federal and state laws, she says these rights have to be defined under the Americans with Disabilities Act, the groundbreaking federal legislation first passed in 1990 that prevents discrimination against those with handicaps and spells out what accommodations must be made for them. With a recent illness, Kitty has been hospitalized and Charger often stays with her, leading John to joke that the dog got more attention than Kitty did. Not really, but he is an attractive and calming presence in the hospital room.

Training and acquiring a service dog is an expensive proposition, one that many who could use the help can't afford. That includes US servicemen returning from combat in the Middle East, who are dealing with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, issues of balance (with a loss of limb, for example), nightmares, or other "invisible disabilities." Senator Al Franken of Minnesota has sponsored legislation that would provide trained dogs to help these veterans, perhaps by opening doors, calling 911 in an emergency, providing reminders to take medicines, and waking them from combat-related nightmares.

As for Charger and Kitty, they are a common sight around Lincoln. Maybe folks can spot them at the Fourth of July parade, where they are regulars on the sidelines. Just don't pat the dog until Kitty gives the okay.

For more information about ECAD check out their website at www.ecad1.org and for the training facilities see www.childrensvillage.org

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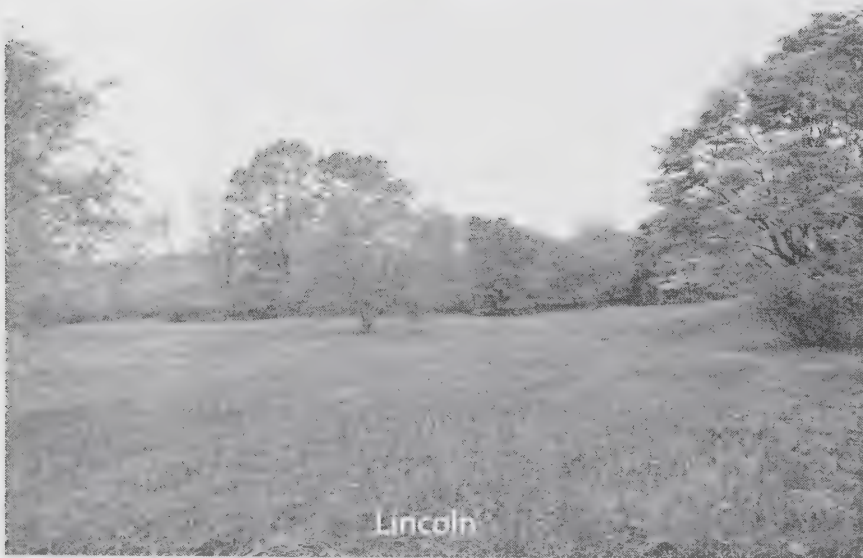
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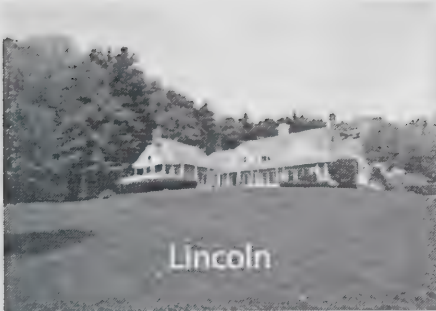
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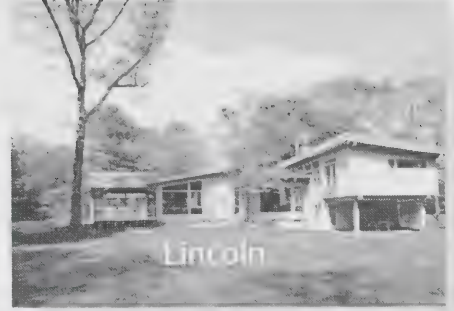
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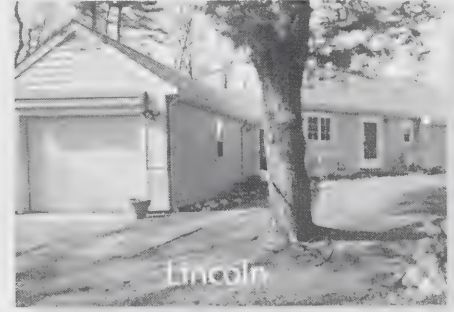
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DeCordova continued from page 19.



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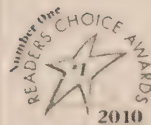
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Codman Pigs in Rhode Island.
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Letter to the New CCF Farmer

Dear Andy,

You snagged those two squealing Tamworth female piglets so adroitly—I'm impressed. After Russ summarily popped them into that very large dog cage on the back of the pickup on Tuesday they traveled down here very well indeed—"a little warm but not at all astonished"—just like The Elephant's Child. They didn't even bother to tunnel into the hay used to pad the cage floor. Today is Saturday and they are tidily settled in. And of course noticeably larger than when they arrived. Dunno what they weighed then—maybe ten pounds? Anyway, then about the size of a small cat, but considerably more solid. I reckon we'll always be able to tell them apart as one is smaller than the other.

After bidding you farewell Tuesday afternoon, we all merged into the whims and vagaries of Route 128 and then 24. Back home in Westport, we carried the cage into the barn (oof! Maybe more than 20 pounds in it) and then out into our pig pen, a concrete floored extension of the main barn, sheltered under a roof, open on two sides. Left the cage door open. Advised our neighbors of the arrival, for Arthur and Connie, for the last ten years, have been most interested in what they term "the red headed piggies" who have provided no end of entertainment for visiting grandchildren, probably because Gramps has red hair.

Elisabeth stopped by to admire ("OH! They're exQUISite!") and indeed they were, large tulip ears (happily unnotched for identification purposes) so glowing in the afternoon sun one could see, through the skin, delicate fans of arteries.

By dinner time, constantly muttering to each other as only baby pigs do, they had thoroughly explored the pen, been introduced to the automatic waterer—but hadn't figured out the snout push needed to make the little basin fill. Then too, the wooden block, provided for them to step up to the waterer, was mistaken for a toy and got pushed merrily around the pen.

We started out feeding them with the same kind of flat rubber pan you use, but also put some

starter pellet in the hog feeder, which is chained to the wall right beside the Dutch door to the barn. I'm sure you know what it looks like: stainless steel rectangular box, with a lid on top, which one opens to toss in the feed, and a two-holer bin arrangement on the bottom, each with a lid. But Russ also dumped a small scoop of pellet into one side, and, having polished off the pan's contents, they easily flipped up the feeder lid. Both dove in; heads hidden under the lid, two rust colored torpedo shaped bodies suddenly silent, motionless, with the ecstasy of FOOD.

Breakfast and dinner are now slightly noisy affairs; CLANG (the hopper lid goes up) CLANG-CLANG (the hopper lid bounces down) and all we really need right now for us to be back in Lincoln is for our then neighbor Rob Loud to make loud ahems about the feeder. He allowed as how the noisy feeding mechanism came to serve as an alternate alarm clock.

My morning shovel routine is small now, for like all their brethren, they are tidy creatures, leaving their manure at the far end of the pen in a careful line. An endearing quality for anyone doing chores. They've learned they skid in the water that hoses down that portion of the floor; at this age of course they run around squeaking in my presence. Ah hah, one thing hasn't changed since our pig-keeping days in Lincoln; I still get manure detail.

Yesterday evening Russ was able to get close enough to give each a tentative twiddle on top of those tulip ears, which they obviously felt memorable, as this morning I was able to squat down and give both a good long brisk back scratch. They stood stock still, silent, blissful.

It's a jolly good thing they won't be **nearly** as exquisite six months from now, at about 300 pounds apiece.

Do put us on your list for next year; wonderful to know they've had their shots and been wormed (a tip of the hat to Dr. Jon Kelman) and we hope you got in a bonza barn of hay.

Cheers, and please know we think CCF is lucky to have you at the tractor helm—

Suze Craig

P.S. As the cover photo shows, they are delighted with their neighbors. You sure do good pigs!



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Summer at the Lincoln Public Library

By Barbara Myles, Director

The summer reading programs and events are promoted by the library and they are well attended by our patrons. What you may not know is that there are special summer activities going on at the library behind the scenes.

Staff brainstorm about what programs and events to offer for the fall season. Next, they implement their ideas by booking the performers and speakers. Finally, they create a brochure to promote these programs and events.

Custodians strip and wax the floors in addition to their other duties. With the library closed on Saturdays, there is time to let the wax dry. Some years, the custodians also refinish the Tarbell Room's floor.

During the summer, the library hires two summer interns. They staff the circulation desks, shelve books, retrieve books from the stacks for library patrons, answer the telephone, and help with the library's programs and events. While the student interns are working at the library, the librarians have time to go into the stacks and weed the collection of materials that are outdated or have not been checked out for a while. There is a limited amount of space at the library and the shelves are already full. To make room for new materials, older materials are culled from the collection. The student interns use the computers to change the status of these weeded books from "available" to "withdrawn" so people will not find them when they search the Minuteman Library Network's catalog.

The new delivery vendor that brings books to library from other libraries is offering a significantly lower price if 75% if the materials put into the delivery system have barcodes on the top left covers so the people who sort the books will not have to open the covers to find the barcodes. To help meet this goal, an intern funded by Massport is adding barcodes to the front covers of books. (Before 2008 we put barcodes inside on the first page of the book.) We estimate that approximately 12,000 of the library's 81,600 books have barcodes on the front covers. That leaves **just** 69,600 books to barcode to reach 100%!

A few building projects are underway and should be completed by the end of the summer. These projects include: installing an energy management system, replacing the library's main electrical switch and generator, and converting the heating system from oil to natural gas. A grant from the State's Green Communities program is paying for the energy management system installation and a portion of the oil to natural gas conversion project. The gas burner for the conversion project was donated by Dr. Alfred Kraft, a Library Trustee.

Library department heads and administrative staff get fiscal year-end statistics and report them to the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners by the end of August to qualify us for a state aid grant of approximately \$10,000.

Capital requests with price quotes are prepared and submitted to the Capital Planning Committee. The projects must be "shovel ready" for July 1, 2012.

Over the weekends library "elves" bring newspapers into the library from the terrace, where they are tossed by the delivery people, and empty the book drop to make room for more book returns.

The library has purchased ten Kindles to load with eBooks and circulate to Lincoln residents. These Kindles will be ready for borrowing before the end of summer.

So while you are on vacation, the library is a beehive of activity getting ready for fall. And we're air-conditioned, so drop in any time.

Mark your Fall calendar.

Friday, September 23 is the Harvest Feast followed on Saturday by the all day Harvest Fair. It's fun for all ages and an opportunity to enjoy Codman Farm. Over the summer you are encouraged to visit the farm shop which carries eggs, meat from cows, goats, lambs, pigs as well as *The Lincoln Review*. Introduce yourself to the new staff - Head Farmer Andy Mallox, Assistant Farmer Eric Robichaud and Director of Development Laurie Bragg. The President of Codman is Sarah Killick.



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SCULPTURE Green at Lincoln Station

A Community Collaboration: Clark Gallery & AKA Bistro



AKA Bistro and Clark Gallery, neighboring establishments at The Mall at Lincoln Station, have created a unique collaboration of the culinary and visual arts. Applying their celebrated creative energies to their immediate environment, an outdoor Sculpture Green has emerged. The relationship between the highly praised Bistro and nationally recognized gallery provides patrons with the heavenly combination of fine cuisine for the body and nourishing visual stimuli for the soul.

Over the coming weeks and months, the Sculpture Green and gardens surrounding the bistro and gallery will become a growing and expansive site for the community to celebrate and contemplate contemporary sculpture being created in New England. Recent installations include a pair monumental granite sculptures by Gary Haven Smith and groupings of intriguing ceramic vessels by Bruce Barry. Gary carves elegant abstract sculptures out of granite boulders found near his home in New Hampshire. His work features textures, patterns, and designs inspired by ancient civilizations, symbols, and the geological past. Through his creative process, he explores the complex relationships between the natural environment, cultural history, and recent technology. Bruce Barry writes on clay. Through a combination of wheel throwing and hand forming, Barry creates ceramic vessels that become the surface for his transcription of free-flowing thought. Titled *Journal Entries*, Barry records his thoughts, observations, and events on the vessel surface in small, tightly knit script. From top to bottom the script flows, providing texture and decorative pattern to the otherwise smooth vessels.

Please note our extended hours: open until 9:00pm on Friday and Saturday and on Sunday from 11:00 until 3:00pm.

For more information on our programming, please visit our website at: www.clarkgallery.com.

Very best regards,

Kristen Zeiser / Dawn Southworth / Dana Salvo
Clark Gallery
145 Lincoln Road
Lincoln, MA 01773
Tel: 781-259-8303
Website: www.clarkgallery.com



CLASSIC JAZZ AT LINCOLN LIBRARY 2010-2011, OUR 28th SEASON

Despite a winter not fit for man nor beast with snow piled so high that the roof of a local building collapsed, we succeeded in mounting a memorable season with six jazz lectures and two live concerts. A summary of these events follows.

Vern Welch kicked off the season with a humorous review of male/female relationships as described in jazz lyrics, including several by Louis Armstrong (e.g., "I'm Not Rough").

Steve Taddeo delivered a brilliant program on jazz drummers, featuring arguably the greatest of them all, Gene Krupa.

Gene Darling screened a number of jazz performances by five of our favorite musicians: Muggsy Spanier, Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Hackett and Eddie Condon.

In December, we were treated to a **surprised live concert** by the following group of local musicians: Jack Kerwin, Manson Solomon, Evelyn Harris, Marilyn Kerwin, Tom Ruggles, Jack Martin and Bob Cronin.

Harold McAleer featured performances by one-armed trumpet player, 'Wingy' Manone and pianist, Art Hodes from a Chicago TV series.

Norm Nichols offered a second installment of 'Lighten Up' with many funny tunes by Jelly Roll Morton, Hoagy Carmichael, George Lewis, Tommy Dorsey and others.

Vern Welch took a curtain call with a potpourri of jazz videos, including a jazz festival, big bands and local jazz groups.

The season ended with a stirring concert by **Jeff Hughes**, trumpet, and his **Lost in the Sauce band** playing old favorites and new arrangements to the delight of some 100 jazz enthusiasts gathered at Bemis Hall. The band members were Craig Ball, reeds, Ken Steiner, bass, Dave Bragdon, drums and Rich Giordano, piano



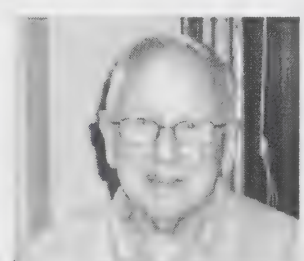
Vern Welch



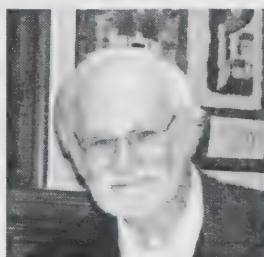
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Poetry by Susan Landon

Summer of the Humming Bird

The hibiscus bush
outside my bedroom window
danced all summer,
her deep pink blossoms
smiling in at me.
One morning at seven,
an emerald hummingbird,
its wings whirring fast,
tasted nectar from three flowers,
left the rest to the bees.

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One Day of Glory

The hibiscus greets me
like a secret lover
courting on the sly.
She peers in my window,
gaily clad in pink,
her graceful petals
reaching toward me.
A day later, her petals
unfold part way,
tremble in the breeze,
tumble to the ground.

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Firefly Lantern

We chased their little lights
at the edge of the woods
just after dark - running
up close, freezing as lights
went out, then stealing closer.
When one came back on,
we reached out cupped hands,
captured a firefly, then ran
back to the jar with the hapless bug.
Later, we sat in the dark
on the screened-in porch,
watched a jar of lightning bugs
glow an iridescent green
as the fireflies alternately
lit up, then went dark.

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The Flight of the Dragonfly

She dips, she soars, she alights.
Her black lacy wings glisten in the sun
as she inhales and waits.
Her long needle-like body vibrates.
Her beady black eyes watch
for unwary mosquitoes, gnats, flies.
Then she flits away into blueberry bushes
or aloft into a scraggly yellow pine.

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Continued

Farmers Market a Welcome New Addition to Lincoln Station

July 2011

Crisp lettuces, fragrant herbs, vibrant bouquets of zinnias, and fresh breads and cheeses neighbor displays of antiques, vintage clothing, and books in every genre at the Farmers Market at the Mall at Lincoln Station. Tables and tents set-up in the Mall's front parking lot beckon to the Lincoln community from 9:30am through 1:30pm every Saturday through the summer.

Lindentree Farm, Blue Heron Farm, Stonegate Gardens, and Matlock Farm join Lincoln Station businesses Clark Gallery, Something Special, Aka Bistro, and Whistlestop Café. The festive environment offers the ingredients for your weekend menu, a new title for your summer reading list, decorative elements and gadgets for your home, and an elegant brunch or a la carte coffee and snack or sandwich for your weekend afternoon.

Please come to the Farmers Market, a welcome new addition to the Mall at Lincoln Station.

For more information, please call Carol Kendrick at William Jackson Associates: (978) 369-7977

Night's Jewels

We're bathed in silence.
Blue-black the night
around us, bright white
the lights of town.

Near the southern horizon,
night's jewels gleam-
a dainty crescent moon,
Jupiter afire, gentle Venus.

If human lights went out,
we could sit quietly,
gaze into eternity, let
these jewels adorn our night.

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SPRECHEN SIE VOLKSWAGEN

Car talk between a RAV4 and a VW Beetle



Translated by Nancy, Larry, Jeanne, and Betty

“So there I was sitting on the side of Route 117 late one Sunday afternoon this summer – waiting for a tow truck. Nancy and Larry were sitting inside me. Then a red RAV pulled up and asked what was happening. It didn’t understand my German.

“I told Betty, the RAVdriver, that I had called AAA and was just waiting. She asked me so many questions I hoped the tow truck was coming quick.

“I was born in 1957 in Wolfsburg, Deutschland, and was shipped by boat to Champaign, Illinois. I arrived late in August, a week before my owners got married. I drove them to New England on their honeymoon.

“However, I did return to Champaign and thought the Midwest would be my home. A year later Nancy and Larry put a rack on my roof and I was again traveling to the Boston area. This time I was packed with all their possessions. I did make many trips back and forth to the Midwest.

“I am well cared for. Most of my life I was well maintained by an Indonesian mechanic in Watertown until he retired and moved to Florida. Nancy and Larry keep me clean and polished.

“I guess I had snow tires. I don’t really remember. After all my 54th birthday is coming up this month. Hope Larry and Nancy remember to bake me an ap-fel strudel.

“I miss their children riding in the car. They fought over who would go in the ‘way back.’ This was before car seats. All three fit well. An infant seat and a type of booster hung over the back of the back seat.

“No tow truck has arrived. Larry is walking around me checking things out and wondering why I am not working. The sun is going down.

“You are seen a lot at Valley Pond. Do you like to go to water aerobics and cookouts?”asked the nosy red RAV.

“In spring and fall if the weather is good, I do go to church and Valley Pond. At one time I think I could float. I was so tight you had to open a window to close the door. My last long trip was to Vermont, and yes, I do have antique license plates. About 30 years ago, Larry restored me at Minuteman Regional Vocational Technical High School and had me painted.”

“The red RAV keeps asking questions.

“I have shared the garage with a couple of VW buses, Rabbits, and a Jetta. I now have to share with Japanese cars and wonder if you want to teach me a few words?

“I have seen many cars come and go but I remain because I am special.

The tow truck has arrived and carries me home. I will rest until Nancy and Larry find a new gas pump for me.”



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The Lincoln Family Association

Social Activities, Fun and Support for Lincoln Families

By Patty Donahue

Ask any Lincoln 5-year-old what the Lincoln Family Association is, and he will have absolutely no idea. But ask him about The Bunny Bonanza, the Pumpkin Decorating Party, the Halloween Parade or the Winter Energy Blaster and he will likely be able to tell you that these events are loads and loads of fun! Parents on the other hand are often grateful to the organization for the close connections and camaraderie they develop with others while watching their children participate in these events.

The Lincoln Family Association, or the LFA as it is more informally known was founded nearly 20 years ago with the goal of providing social activities, fun and support for Lincoln-area parents, caregivers and their children. This entirely volunteer-run organization has nearly 20 residents serving on the board and currently includes more than 100 member families. More than 90 percent of members have between 1-3 children whose average age is 7 years old. Most members join the LFA because they are interested in getting to know others in Lincoln, to get a sense of what is going on in town, to attend kid-focused activities, or to connect with other parents.

Throughout any given year, the LFA will host or be involved with more than 100 family focused or parent-focused events (*see side bar for a sampling*). These activities provide both day-to-day support to families, such as the LFA Toddler Drop-Ins, which take place every week when Lincoln schools are in session, to more special occasion events, such as holiday celebrations or casual “get togethers,” including the monthly LFA Coffees, which are held at members’ homes.

In addition to these events and activities, the LFA also seeks to be actively involved in the greater community through community outreach activities. These include conducting clothing drives for area non-profits, supporting the annual Marine Toys for Tots holiday toy drive, and book collections. And, the organization also publishes a membership newsletter six times a year and maintains a web site to communicate with its membership and share information.

In recent years, the LFA has developed strong partnerships with other Lincoln-based organizations, including the Lincoln Council on Aging, Lincoln Public Library, the Lincoln PTA and the Lincoln Police Department, to promote, host and/or sponsor events focused on building a stronger sense of community. For example, in 2010, to help rein-vigorate the Lincoln Fire and Police Ball, Lincoln Police Chief Kevin Mooney sought out the help of the LFA to boost attendance. And, the two organizations have continued to partner together to bring valued community services and events. These events have included the Masonic Youth Child Identification Program (MYCHIP), which creates a child identification kit that helps law enforcement more quickly identify and find lost or missing children; and the First Annual LFA/Lincoln Police & Fire Memorial Day Softball Game, which the LFA looks forward to hosting again in 2012.

As the organization’s leadership looks forward, they are committed to continuing the organization’s strong tradition of community involvement and support and encourage families – young and old – to join the Lincoln Family Association. For more information, please visit www.lincfam.org or send an email to lincfam2005@yahoo.com.



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Catherine (Cassie) Schau Winnigm's winning merit essay

My first day of school was at the same time the worst day I've ever had, and one of my most treasured memories.

I was afraid to go to a new school; I remember that clearly. I had cried at the end of eighth grade because I was sad to leave, and so I expected my first experience in LS to be difficult and frightening. It was just so big! There were so many people! And I was leaving behind all of the teachers who I knew and waved at in the hallways, forced into a place that was utterly and frighteningly new. What was I going to do?

And yet, at the same time, I was excited. Not for the novelty, as I have always been afraid of change, but to learn beside my sister, to walk with her in the halls of the same school, and eat lunch beside her every day. That was the real highlight for the transition in my mind. And yet, on this first day of school, it was going to be just freshmen! I was going to be all by myself. The idea was frightening.

Still, I had to go. So my mom smiled and encouraged me. "It'll be fine," she said.

I remember quite clearly how happy Mom was that morning, bustling around to make my breakfast and checking four times to make sure I had everything I needed. I didn't understand what there was to be so excited about. She must have run about the house four times before sending me out to the bus to find me last minute pencils, erasers, and everything else I could possibly require on my first day in a new school.

All the pencils and other supplies weren't of interest to me, though. I never thought of things like that. Instead, I spent the entire wait at the bus stop clutching the journal that my mom had given me, to write in that day. It was brand new, all clean, straight lines on blank, pristine pages, and it was one of the special ones; a journal whose cover bent around the edge and was held to the front with magnets, almost as if it were a huge envelope. A yellow ribbon marked the first empty page, where I intended to lay down all my thoughts and dreams over the course of the day.

I had seen the school before, because of basketball, but I had never seen it all at one time. I remember the tour they took us on, through the different buildings and departments, pointing out where various subjects lived. I had never been inside a school so big before! There were so many classrooms, so many tiles that I followed with my feet as we trekked from one building to another.

The edges of the lightwells scared me, and yet I was fascinated to look off the edge and see the way there was so much light twisting around in the many floors of this new place. Middle school had never been this bright, this open, this colorful.

I was timid, every inch the shy middle schooler I always was, and so my First Adventure guide seemed so tall and intimidating, in all of her worldly knowledge and knowhow of the school building. What? Red walls mean C building? How do you tell? Why is A for apple? And aren't apples red too? I didn't understand how she could navigate so effortlessly through such a massive space, with so

many staircases and rooms. I was blinded by the light from so many windows and open spaces. I followed her like a duckling, afraid to get lost.

But we didn't get lost. The people who led us around always counted us, like mother ducks, counting little fluffy heads, making sure that we didn't stray into the staircases and darker corners, always taking the time to ask us if we had questions.

I didn't get lost. And...these people were being so nice to me.

During the moments of downtime they gave us, the journal I still carried with me filled with confused thoughts, snippets of poetry, questions that I burned to ask but didn't have the courage, put into the story I began to write. My character was a fantastic half-mythical teenager, complete with wings. He could fly. He was confident, powerful, free. His world was full of trees and light.

He was my first impression of the world inside this new space. Bright and blinding, colorful, vibrant, something entirely and strangely new.

I remember how we ate lunch on the floor in a gym; now I can't remember which one. Rock climbing, perhaps? I must have stared at that wall with its mottled greys and multi-colored handholds and been awed, writing the splatters of color and the magnificent color into my flying boy's wings and his prowess in the sky.

Or maybe it was gym 4, the little one, strange in its smallness, with its steady red floor that doesn't squeak like a wooden floor will. If so, I must have looked around confused, at the red floor in a too small gym, and written this strange newness into my flying boy's interactions with his world, and the way the ground felt strange beneath his feet.

We left the gym, and continued on. The day was drawing to a close, and my mind was whirling with too many thoughts, colors of walls, thoughts of the future, of classes, of electives, of lightwells and blue and white. So much to see, so much to do.

And I was invited. I was ushered in with open arms.

My flying boy danced in the sky, and I tentatively looked forward to tomorrow. Maybe I could do this. Maybe this kind of new was a good kind of new.

And then I lost him. My journal was gone. And any little confidence I had gained shattered into tiny shards of utter panic.

No! I couldn't lose that, not that! I didn't care

about anything else I had, not even my drawing folder; it was empty, with the start of a new year. But my journal held me. My thoughts, my reflections, solidified into a written form through my characters. This was my first story written in high school! It couldn't be replaced!

The adults and older kids knew something was wrong, but I couldn't tell them what. I hate crying in front of strangers, and I was sure they wouldn't find it as important as I did. After all, they'd say, it's just a journal, right? You can write it again, can't you? It came out of your head.

"No, you don't understand! It's my writing! It's me!

And then I'd cry.

They let me go and look for it. I ran all around the school, searching, searching. I ran through the building I didn't know, seeing the colors on the wall I didn't understand. By the time it was red I was crying, even as I tried to hold back the tears.

It was gone. He was gone. A little bit of me was gone, and I didn't know where to look, where to find it!

The gym was the last place I could remember. It had to be there. It had to!

It wasn't. The floor was bare, empty; the room eerily quiet after the noise of excited freshmen earlier.

I broke down and cried.

I couldn't stay though. I had to run right back, or else they'd wonder where I was. So I went back through the school, crying, wiping my eyes.

A custodian found me on my way back, gasping and sobbing.

Without even thinking he came over to talk to me, asked me what was wrong. I tried to tell him. "I---sniff---I---I lost-" But I couldn't get the words out, and so collapsed again into tears.

He thought I was lost. And so, with a gentle smile, he directed me back to the stairwell, walking me a bit of the way there to make sure I knew the way.

I cried and went onwards. But I didn't forget his act of kindness. It surprised me.

I didn't get back to my group, though. Instead, before I got there, a girl I knew from eighth grade saw me in the hallway. She was a friend, but I hadn't seen her over the entire summer.

She took one look at me and, without even a thought, wrapped me in a hug. I cried on her for a long time.

It makes me cry still to think about how she took care of me. She calmed me down, took me to get water, even walked me back to my group once I regained my composure. The whole time she was looking at me, blue eyes worried, trying to find a way to help.

The rest of the day is a blur between tears and thoughts of a nice, clean little journal, lost somewhere in this new, terrifying space. But, even there, every so often there would be a teary smile at the thought of a kind custodian with an accent, and warm, comforting hug.

When I got home that day, I was a wreck. I came off the bus, my mom asked me how my day was, and I burst bawling into tears. I spent a good half an hour in her arms, sobbing and telling her that I'd lost it, I'd lost my journal, it was gone!

Mom called the house assistant. Mom took me to school to look again. Mom held me and said she'd get me a new one, which she did.

I cried myself to sleep that night.

I cried more tears on my first day of high school than in my entire middle school career. I was afraid, I was in a new place, and I lost my journal, my first writing in my new world.

But I also learned what really made this new place so different. When a custodian came across a crying freshman in the hallway, he helped her. He comforted her. He made sure she was alright.

When a friend saw a friend in tears, she didn't even need to ask why to come to her and wrap her in a hug, and keep repeating, "It's ok, it's ok, it's ok," to her as long as she needed.

And when my house assistant learned what I had lost, she was so kind to me, promising to look for it, and comforting me, saying that on that first day, it is unlikely it would have been stolen, as only freshmen and faculty were present.

She found it two days later. She wrote a special note and put it in my mailbox, covered with smiley faces. I nearly cried when she gave it back to me.

The flying boy returned to me.

And by that point, the memory of the tears had already been overshadowed far too strongly with the memory of those who had helped me at my worst moments.

I love my first day of school. It was terrifying and painful, and I don't like to remember the tears. But the tears are important. Through them, I learned what was special about this new place, this new school.

Here they took care of me when I needed them, when I really couldn't take care of myself. When I needed them most, when I couldn't even see through my tears, even complete strangers would reach out to me, steer me in the right direction. Here my friends were always nearby, ready to drop everything to help me when I was crying. I had never had such a bad first day before.

And I've never had a bad day I've cherished more.

Each year the Lincoln-Sudbury High School Scholarship committee offers a merit scholarship to a graduating senior who writes the best essay on a special topic. Seniors who wish to be considered for this merit scholarship must have a cum of at least 3.6, come as a group to a classroom for approximately an hour, and write on a topic unknown to them until they enter the room.

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Lingering in Lincoln

Peg Martin Retires as Town Historian

By Jeanne Munn Bracken

After more than 30 years, Peg Martin is retiring as Lincoln's official Town Historian. She was honored recently at a Lincoln Town Archives program at the library, where her legacies to the town were praised. Peg, a Lincolnite since 1957, was instrumental in bringing the first, privately-funded climate controlled-vault to the library at the time of the American Bicentennial in 1975. Creation of the vault furthered the wishes of George Grosvenor Tarbell. He donated the original Preston library building in the last 19th century; he charged the new institution to recognize the importance of history, and in that vein he donated his collection of Civil War memorabilia to the library.

From the time of the Bicentennial, interest in local history blossomed. Many interesting and important documents and collections were donated to the archives as officials and residents recognized the need to preserve all of the town's legacies. As a result the vault became crowded and materials were difficult to find. Recognizing this, Peg suggested that the town's 250th anniversary celebration in 2004 be dedicated to expanding and organizing the archives. The result was the newly renovated, enlarged vault located at the library and the administrative pairing of archives collections at the library with those at the Town Offices. This activity meshed with the duties of the Town Historian: to take care of historic town documents housed at the library, among other responsibilities. Her predecessor, incidentally, was the late Margaret Flint (Sr.), but Peg's successor has not yet been named.

The creation of the Minuteman National Historic Park sparked Peg's interest in local history. Told that houses with a documented history would command higher prices, she began to research local buildings at the probate court and the Registry of Deeds. Husband Bob commuted to M.I.T. daily, so some days he drove Peg (and occasionally Jack MacLean as well) into Boston to continue digging into the records.

Jack (a professional historian and genealogist) and Peg collaborated on a printed history of the Lincoln Public Library (*Lincoln's Libraries, 1798 to 1984*) and other projects. As an art history major from the University of Minnesota, Peg was most taken with architecture, which led her to write *Inheritance: Lincoln's Public Buildings in the Historic District*, published in 1987 by the Lincoln Historical Society. This slender book is among the treasures of the library reference collection,

the go-to source for a map of Lincoln cemeteries and an explanation of the town seal.

Of *Inheritance*, Peg says, "I like all those buildings" such as Bemis Hall and the two churches. Others favored the White Church over the stone church, but she loves both. Her work is not without controversy; since it's often difficult to pin down specific dates that houses were constructed, she has disagreed with other historians but refuses to cave in. A determined woman, Peg stands by her research and damn the torpedoes, etc.

Married to Bob Martin in 1946 (the very year a certain retired reference librarian was born), they have lived for decades in the Peter Underwood House, built about 1780 with perhaps even earlier roots. There they raised their 3 daughters. Jeanne, now a lawyer married to Scott Rickert, lives in Cleveland but also has a house in the more benign climate of Key West. Daughter Katherine (Kate) is a civil engineer married to Michael McNinis and living in Madison, Wisconsin. The third daughter, Elizabeth (Lissa) lives in Los Altos California, is a computer engineer and is married to Ed Sesek. To prove that this column is not Peg's obituary, we will report that Peg and Bob have four grandchildren who shall remain anonymous for our purpose.

What's next for the history buff? For quite a while, Bob and Peg have "wintered" in Florida and will now be moving to daughter Jeanne's house in Key West, about as far South as they can go and still live in the United States.

For all her dedication to Lincoln, at one point disappointed with the library's seeming lack of interest in the historical collection, Peg took her business elsewhere, to the Concord Free Public Library's Special Collections. There she researched much of the information for her most recent book, *The Chambers-Russell-Codman House and Family in Lincoln, Massachusetts* (Lincoln Historical Society, 1996).

Fortunately for Lincoln, the library regained her support in time for the 250th anniversary. And the rest, as they say, is history.

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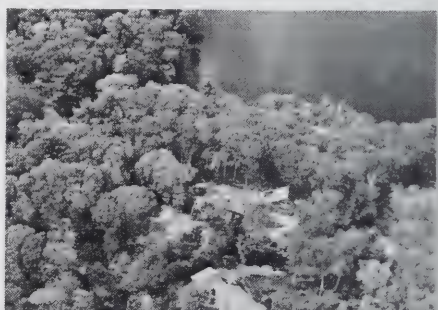
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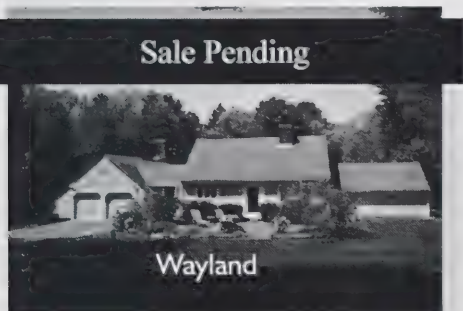
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(*Blue Jay Days and Cardinal Days* is Lincolnite Susan Coppock's memoir of an unusual youth. This is the second excerpt the *Lincoln Review* has been privileged to publish.)

Blue Jay Days and Cardinal Days

by Susan Coppock

My round-the-world ticket from Pan Am was good for one month from quitting that job and, after my trip, I made it to San Diego, unlike Cinderella, with a few days to spare. I decided to stay. I had an aunt and a cousin there and it was 3000 miles away from my family, an important consideration. I wanted to strike out on my own and it seemed as good a place to do so as any other.

It was a sporty sort of place with people saying things like "Surf's up" and heading off to play mixed doubles. This was a vocabulary that I did not speak, having realized that I loved to read. Few homes had books in them, but there were lots of televisions. One for each room. I tried to navigate the culture as I always did but clearly I was out of my element.

I found a job - for United Airlines this time - and a furnished studio apartment near the beach. No car though. I was a city girl and had never learned to drive. So I took the bus from near my apartment to the center of San Diego for my job. The WWII veterans and I were the only ones on it in the California car culture.

After a year, I got a call from my family in New York which was different from their usual Sunday calls. Mother had gone from using a cane to using a walker. The doctors were not sure what she had but she would need more care. Since I was unmarried and female, I was elected to be the caregiver.

At first I felt confusion, then anger, then guilt - the unholy trinity of my Catholic childhood. The revenge of Sister Domenic and all of the calamitous fantasies that I had wished for her! So I returned but not until I had wrestled with the decision. (Any input, Lord? A sign, if you please? But make it easier to read than a thunderstorm or a bus breakdown. But there was nothing. Only silence again.)

Mother's condition had deteriorated noticeably. She had begun to slur her words and to cry for no reason. When she meant to be sad at the news footage of the Vietnam War on TV, she laughed instead. (Could she have been laughing because the numbers of "our" dead and "their" dead were so impossibly altered, ours too low and theirs too high? Another lie.)

She began to mispronounce names. Neil Brown became Nile Brain. Kate Gifford became Kite Jeffers.

Soon she developed a tremor in her head and hands which made it difficult for her to feed herself. But she would accept little help. She ate asparagus with her fingers letting the butter drip down her hand and arm as she defiantly glared at anyone who seemed surprised.

Dad thought that she would need several caregivers, not just one. The doctors agreed. We decided that Dad would care for her at night, and that I would do so on the weekends when I wasn't working for United in New York. They had transferred me.

And soon we had two nurses to look after her during the day, Primrose and Hope. They divided up the day so that one of them was always there until Dad got home from his office. But from the beginning it was clear that Primrose was in charge and that Hope did what Primrose said to do.

Primrose mothered my mother the way Evelyn and Aunt Selena had mothered me. She anticipated my mother's needs and took charge. She was like that. And who was going to disagree with this mountain of good-humored black womanhood? She spoke such beautiful, crisp English too. ("Finally! Someone with good diction and pronunciation," said Mother.) And she knew about folk remedies which both she and my mother believed worked.

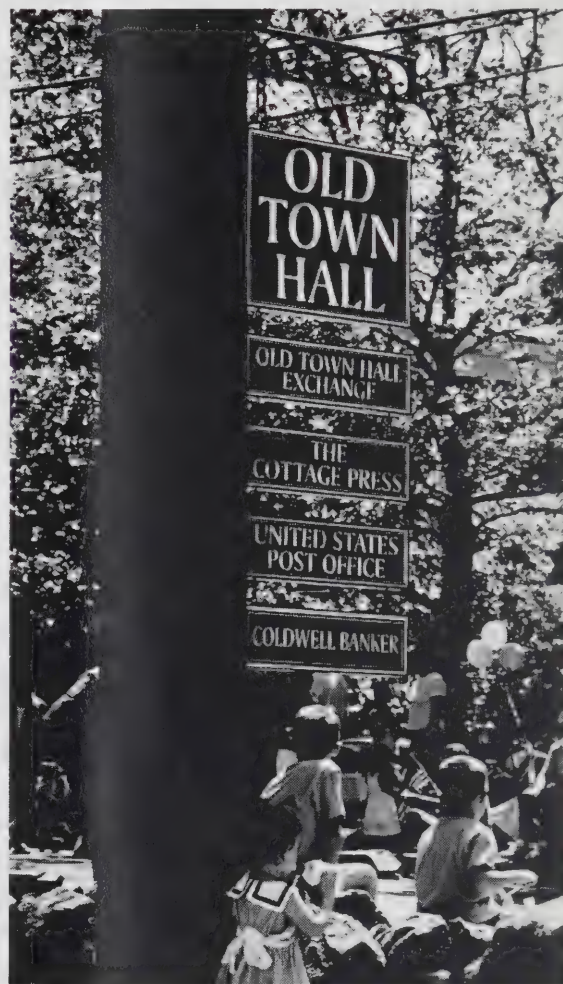
For example, Primrose just knew that barley water would bring back my mother's strength. This is the liquid which you pour off after boiling barley in lots of water. Then you chill it. It is a cloudy, thickened liquid, and it will never replace iced tea. Very big in Jamaica though. Along with ginger beer, which Primrose also made

Shortly after they arrived it became clear that Primrose and Hope had large families back in Jamaica who wanted to come to the U.S. Would my father be the sponsor? "You bet." By the fourth or fifth relative, "you bet" had become a tentative "I'll think about it." Primrose, though, thought my father was a fine fellow anyway, a leader among men. She spoke of his influence, mainly imagined, to the merchants in the neighborhood.

"He knows Presidents, Mr. Callahan, Now don't you cut a man like that a poor piece of beef. He wants the best. He deserves the best. And trim the fat, Mr. Callahan."

Mother and Primrose talked about the places they would visit once the barley water started working and my mother's health returned. They would visit Scotland first. Mother wanted to buy some wool tartan cloth- she and Primrose could finger it together- and Primrose wanted to prove to my mother that the British were not prejudiced people at all, unlike most Americans, except for fair-minded ones like my father and Herbert Hoover.

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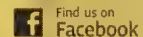
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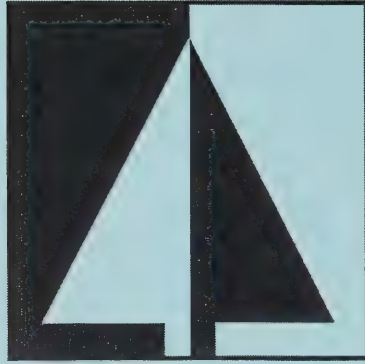
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Beverly Eckhardt says that her Vermont village school had two rooms, no central heat, and no running water and almost every student went on to high school and some further.

Two Memories of School Teachers written by **Kathy Schaefer** tells us about the effect of inspiring teachers.

Sarah Marcotte enters kindergarten and remembers nothing about the first day of school. What she does remembers is much more Important.

Ruth Levey now lives in Alaska. She taught for many years in Lincoln. In this piece, we learn about her first teaching experiences.

Kindergarten is an important step in our life. **Jeanne Bracken** had a bad start. How about you?

Codman Harvest Feast and Fair are September 23 and 24. 17

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Suggest a visit to the **deCordova Sculpture Park**. **Andy Goldsworthy**, 29
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Lingering in Lincoln: Ellen “Call Me Betsy” Morgan

By Jeanne Munn Bracken



Photo © 2011 by Ellen Morgan

While she usually flies under Lincoln’s radar, Ellen Morgan is an unsung mover-and-shaker of the first order. Ellen moved to town at the age of one and, with sojourns to Maine (Colby College) and Santa Monica, California, has been here ever since. Her family has a long history of public service: her father Henry was on the School Committee and the committee that built the new high school, shortly before he died. Her mother Gwen, still in Lincoln at age 86, taught at Wheelock College and was instrumental helping several states develop day care regulations. Her brother Edward is an assessor.

In her day job, she is an electron microscopist, which means she “takes big pictures of small things,” doing medical research at Beth Israel.

Ellen is active in the PhotoShare group that meets at the Lincoln Public Library and attends the Write Stuff critique group, both activities that showcase her interest in photography and writing. Not a seeker of public office, Ellen still serves the community in many ways

and is perhaps best known for teaching a generation of youngsters how to sew. Her passion for sewing paid off this summer when she crafted a flag that flew over City Hall Plaza in Boston. But we’re getting ahead of the story.

Much of what she does today came about through her three children. For those keeping score, Amanda Boege has degrees from Oberlin and Harvard and is currently teaching public school in New York City, where she is working toward a Master’s Degree in Administration. Spencer Boege got a degree in economics from the University of Vermont and is now working for J.P. Morgan in Vermont (no relation, Ellen notes.) Philip Boege went straight from high school into the Marines, where he was deployed to Afghanistan twice. Philip is now a paramedic with a private service in the city.

It was Philip’s service in Afghanistan that sparked her interest in photography. With the coming of the digital camera age, she took pictures to send to Philip



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Ellen says, and she tried to send “green” pictures to her son by computer. She decided to take one picture of Lincoln each day for a year, and after she had sent them to Philip, she created a CD to share with others. The result is “365 Days of Lincoln”, copyright 2009, with music composed and performed by her nephew Lee Morgan (recently graduated from Hampshire College and now working in Seattle—in a coffee shop.)

Actually, the photos were taken over the years from 2004 to 2009. The cover shot shows Martha Gerson Lufkin walking on Old Lexington Road. Ellen’s photo of the twisted tree on Bedford Road is featured on the library’s website. The CD is available at the Old Town Hall Exchange.

Ellen is perhaps best known as the woman who teaches sewing. For the past 16 years, she has invited children to her home on Wednesday, “anyone who wants to come.” Her students are mixed in ages, with a few boys mixed in with the girls. They can make whatever they want, and Ellen will help them figure it out. One girl made a stuffed sphinx for a school project; others have made clothing, etc. The 2-hour classes are unstructured; she doesn’t discipline the kids who are goofing off. “They learn, if you don’t do anything, you don’t have anything to show for your time.” Some stay for years, arriving every Wednesday without fail. She takes about six kids at a time. She also has had sewing parties with Metco students, who can each invite a Lincoln student, and they all work on the same project (like pajama pants). Younger girls, when the American Girl dolls were at the height of popularity, made clothes for their dolls instead of ordering them from a catalog.

Another passion that developed from her children’s activities is her interest in the Sudanese “boys” who came to Lincoln (and other American towns) from refugee camps after escaping from their war-ravaged homeland. Philip and Spencer both worked at Codman Farm for years, and the three Sudanese fellows in Lincoln lived and worked there as well. Enrolled at Lincoln-Sudbury, rather than bonding with the Metco students from Boston, there was friction between the two groups. “They had nothing in common,” Ellen says, “and the “boys” could relate more to the foreign exchange students.”

Ellen’s sons took the Sudanese students home with them, and began to invite them, one on one, with chosen Metco students, in various combinations. In an unusual twist, Metco students got to invite someone rather than being the invitee. The Morgan family held “open house” for the Metco kids; they knew they had a place to stay over whenever they wanted to. Spence actually wrote his college essay on their friendships.

Ellen is still active in the Sudanese Education Fund, which provides scholarships and other enrichment from their Arlington base; the needs now are more for the children of the original “boys”. She is intrigued and bemused by the cultural differences faced by the immigrants. One of them was worried; “how can I become a man if I cannot find a lion to kill?”

Lion or no, the Sudanese are now men, but regardless of American ways, they want to keep their familiar traditions. In Sudan, marriages are arranged and brides are purchased—originally the bride price was expressed in cows. A bride who might have cost so many cows in the past now commands \$150,000. In American dollars. Yet the Sudanese “boys” still travel back to their home continent for arranged marriages. The bride has to be from the right tribe; those former “boys” living in the Boston area are very tribal, and it makes a difference where you come from.

When one of the “boys” was preparing to return to Sudan to find a bride, he asked casually if Ellen wanted to go along. To even her surprise, she said, “Okay.” Never a writer of anything but “dry scientific papers,” she nonetheless began a journal on her African sojourns; she went twice, in 2006 and 2008. She has shared some of those delightful and insightful musings with the Write Stuff and with *Lincoln Review* readers as well. She now actually keeps a journal even when she’s not traveling.

Asked if the “Sudan boys” program was successful—there were actually 1000 boys and 50 girls—Ellen replies that it was. The program went into the refugee camps and selected those youngsters who seemed to have the best chance, the best will to take advantage of the opportunity. “These are the resilient ones,” she remarks. “Those who were not, died.”

With her ties to the Sudanese community in the Boston area, she was aware that the Republic of South Sudan became independent this summer. Mayor Menino was approached and agreed to fly the Sudanese flag at City Hall Plaza for two weeks in recognition and celebration.

At the last minute, though, Ellen was the one who wondered: where is the flag going to come from? She arranged for a flag shop to create one, but when it hadn’t arrived by Friday (for a Saturday ceremony), she decided she would have to make one. She had to visit three fabric stores to buy enough ripstop nylon in the right colors; the finished flag, after all, is 8 x 12 feet. She sewed all night. And the flag was there for the ceremony.

“Just call me Betsy,” says Lincoln’s own latter-day Betsy Ross.

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Borrow a Kindle at the Library

By Barbara Myles, Director

The library took another step into the digital world this summer when ten Kindles were purchased for Lincoln residents to borrow. If you don't know already, Kindles are electronic reading devices (eReaders), you can store thousands of books on them and they don't get any heavier.

Five of the Kindles have children's books on them. The Children's Librarians--Jane Flanders, Amy Gavalis and Debbie Leopold--selected the 78 titles on the children's Kindles. There are books for younger children who are reading transitional books, like the Judy Moody series. There are books for young adult readers such as the Hunger Games trilogy. The librarians also selected fantasy and adventure and general fiction books such as an Artemis Fowl book.

The other five Kindles have 57 titles for adults that were chosen by Ellen Sisco, our Assistant Director. There are some classics like, Sense and Sensibility, and some new titles like, Saturday and Unbroken. There is also Frommer's Boston for people who would like to take the Kindle on a sightseeing trip to Boston.

In the short time that the Kindles have been available, we have heard a wide range of reactions from our library patrons. Some do not want to try them while others already own an eReader. Of the people who do try the Kindles, some have decided to purchase their own eReader while others hated the eReading experience.

Six other Minuteman Library Network libraries lend Kindles to their residents: Belmont, Concord, Dover, Lexington, Newton, and Watertown. The Kindles are very popular and are usually checked out from all of the libraries. At Lincoln there is no waiting list for the Kindles. Instead, residents have to see if any Kindles are available to borrow when they visit the library.

Not surprisingly, there is a little controversy about libraries lending Kindles. Some people think libraries are in competition with eReaders because they believe libraries are in the book business. It is true that some people can find all the books they want in electronic form. But these people must buy their eBooks, which are not affordable for everyone. Libraries have information packaged in many formats (hardcover books, audio books on CD, paperback books, large print books, music CDs, DVDs) and the eReaders are the newest information package.

The Minuteman Library Network (MLN) has a subscription to OverDrive, a collection of downloadable audio books and eBooks. Every MLN library pays a pro-rated portion of the subscription fee. By using OverDrive, one can download an eBook to an eReader. The downloaded eBook is deactivated after the two week loan period which means that the user does not get to keep or own the title. Some librarians believe that libraries should only purchase the content (subscribe to OverDrive) and should not purchase the eReaders for their users to borrow. At the Lincoln library we are more interested in getting people to read. If they prefer an eReader, that's OK, we have some eReaders to loan out. One patron told me that she prefers paperbacks because they fit her lifestyle; another fellow used to borrow only books that fit in his briefcase—fortunately many did.

That's OK too! Whatever the mechanics, reading is good!

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2011-2012 Presentation Schedule.

Presentations are at the Lincoln Library at 7:30 PM

(Except as noted)

September 14 2011*	Vern Welch	Vern Welch asks "Where can I hear good local jazz ?"
October 12 2011	Dean Smith	Big Bands Part One. The early years.
November 9 2011	Gene Darling	The Dream Classic Jazz Movie, starring Bobby Hackett, Eddie Condon, Benny Goodman, Frank Sinatra and others
December 14 2011	Bob Fuller	Bob Fuller Informs us about Ruby Braff
January 11 2012	Norm Nichols	Norm Nichols will tickle our fancy with "Lighten Up III"
February 8 2012	Harold McAleer	"A Hodgepodge of Jazz - Old, New, Near, Far"
March 14 2012	David Whitney	Dave Whitney will introduce us to more of the great musicians of the past who have been neglected by many music critics
April 11, 2011	To Be Announced	To Be Announced
May 2011	Annual Live Concert	Our annual "live" jazz program. Artist, date, time and venue to be announced shortly.

* For those of us who enjoy hearing local jazz, and by the way we are fortunate in having some great local musicians, there are many venues. The CJALL program for September will offer us the opportunity to see and hear some of these artists perform locally. Some of the groups play together on a regular basis and some of them are pick-up bands, who work well together because of their musical expertise" – By Vern Welch

School Days, School Days, Dear Old Golden Rule Days

School Culture

By Susan Coppock

I did my student teaching at a middle school which was on a military base. My students, mainly 8th graders, were the sons and daughters of military personnel. The first time that I taught a literature class on my own, we discussed a work by Ray Bradbury. The students' observations, honest and perceptive about the story and the characters, thrilled me. This was the best. I had definitely chosen the right field. Teaching was a pleasure.

I assigned a written composition using a quote from the story and I explained that I was not concerned with whether they agreed with it or not. I wanted them to support whatever their premise was with specific examples from the story. They had questions, wanting to be sure that they understood the instructions. There was a lot of "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am." I was the ma'am.

Then student teaching time was over. Time to find a real, paying job. I did. It was as a long-term sub in a suburb which was close to a city. As I was soon to find out, this town had city problems.

My first days with my own class were rocky. There was no more "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am". Instead I looked out to a sea of sullen faces.

"Bryce, you didn't do your homework. Why not?" I asked.

"Didn't feel like it. And you can't make me," was the reply.

"No I can't make you. But why are you here if you are not going to do the work? I can contact your parents if I need to."

No reply but the utter contempt on Bryce's face told a story.

When I turned to the blackboard, I could feel and hear the spitballs hitting it and sometimes hitting me. I wheeled around.

"Who did that?"

No reply but lots of smirks. I sent some of the students who I knew to be ringleaders to the vice-principal's office. They came back within the class period to applause and high fives. They were now heroes.

I began to realize that in this school culture the idea was to make sure that education, those wonderful discussions about the written word that I had loved, did not happen. Here were students whose daily goal was to commandeer the class. And the administration was as bullied by these kids as the teachers. A colleague of mine was chased around the classroom, literally running for her life, by a furious 14 year old wielding an open pair of scissors. The administration blamed her. She went to the police station and pressed charges. Suddenly the school took action and brought the parents in.

I began to rethink my career. Why hadn't I thought about taxidermy? or being a golf caddy? They couldn't be harder than teaching.

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School Days in Salisbury

By Beverly Eckhardt

My school days began in 1934 when I turned six. There was no kindergarten, so we all started out in first grade. My Salisbury, Vermont, village school had two classrooms, no central heat, and no running water. Heat in those cold winters came from cast iron wood-burning stoves, one in each classroom. In the fall of each year, a neighboring farmer brought in a year's supply of wood by wagon and piled it in a long arrangement outside the entry to the two classrooms. Each day, two students were assigned to carry buckets of water from the watering trough of a farm across the street. The supply gave each classroom drinking water for the day. There was, of course, no flush plumbing. Chemical tanks provided storage for effluent. In winter it was a cold walk to an icy room to relieve oneself, so we kept our calls to a minimum!

Each classroom held four grades, with one teacher conducting classes for those grades. All of my teachers were women, mostly unmarried and between 25 and 40 years of age, who had received their training at a state teacher's college. Teachers were given room and board by local residents who had a spare room. Teacher turnover was high - I had six teachers through eight grades.

During that time, rote learning and memorization were practiced. We were given textbooks in each subject and teaching proceeded chapter by chapter, with the teacher leading group discussions and recitation, going from grade to grade. When one grade was discussing, the other grades worked on their assignments. Periodically, we had a program in which all four grades participated. I remember a pre-Thanksgiving program featuring the Pilgrims and the Native Americans in Plymouth. I wore a costume my mother had created; a brown cloth skirt and tunic top with fringes and a headband topped with colored paper feathers. I recited the introduction to Longfellow's poem, *The Song of Hiawatha*. It begins: "By the shores of Gitche-Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood the wigwam of Nokomis, Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis ..." The Big Sea was Lake Superior, and Hiawatha was an Ojibwe, but that didn't bother anyone. It was well received.

Sometimes we students were called on to assist in helping other classmates who might need extra work. When I was in third grade, I remember helping a classmate catch up in reading. He had been seriously injured

when struck by a car as he was walking to school and was in the hospital for about two months recovering from a concussion and other trauma. He worked hard and caught up quickly. (He went on to get a law degree from Yale and became judge of the Probate Court in Addison County, Vermont.)

Our school administration was simple. One superintendent had oversight over schools in the entire county. Periodically, and not more than twice during the school year, the superintendent would pay a visit to observe the teachers and students in action. At that time the post was held by a Mr. Butterfield, a portly man who always wore a brown 3-piece suit. His outstanding feature was a chestnut-colored toupee that did not quite match the color of what natural hair he possessed. A story was circulated that on one visit he had seated himself on one of the student chairs to listen to a class recite. The chair had collapsed and his hairpiece was thrown off, much to his extreme embarrassment, but to the hilarity of the class. I was hoping to witness a repeat performance, but it never happened in my time.

Thinking back on my school days, I ponder how such a system succeeded. One would think that having four grades working at the same time would have produced chaos, but it didn't. Students maintained discipline and order for several reasons: Students expected they would learn and that that required effort. Parents expected that their children would do well. There was always the threat of punishment both at school and at home for bad behavior. And because the town was so small, word got around. Almost every student went on to high school, and after high school, many went on to post-graduate training and stable employment.

About 15 years ago, a group of my elementary school friends began what became an annual reunion in Salisbury at a cottage on Lake Dunmore. We met again this past August. Every year there is something new to remember (such as Mr. Butterfield's toupee.) We all agree that our school experience was great and gave us a lifetime of satisfaction.

I cannot resist commenting on the current push in Lincoln for a brand new \$58M school for K-8. Save our money, folks. A glitzy building is not the answer to student success. My own experience is evidence of how irrelevant the structure of the school is to the learning process.

© 2011 Beverly Eckhardt

An Apple Feeds the Body, A Teacher Feeds the Soul

Two Memories By Kathy Schaefer

"A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell
where his influence stops."

~Henry Brooks Adams

"Treat people as if they were what they
ought to be and you help them become what
they are capable of becoming." ~ Goethe

His hand slipped and that third grade tow-head boy with a buzz cut fell from the monkey bars. He lay silent and pale in a heap, his broken arm bent awkwardly under his body. Tears filled my eyes as I watched Mrs. Fenimore, my first grade teacher, come running out of the classroom and wrap the boy in a warm, black blanket. She held the blanket around him as she and some other teachers carried him to a car brought around to rush him to the hospital.

My tears that day were not for the boy. That had been *my* blanket. First graders took a rest period and we each brought our own blanket from home. Mrs. Fenimore had taken my blanket and given it to that boy.

The car, the boy, the blanket left, and the teachers came back to the playground to gather up us kids and take us all inside. I hung back. Mrs. Fenimore saw and noticed I was upset. She came and put her arm around my shoulder and told me I needn't worry; the boy would be fine. "But what about my blanket," I blurted out.

I don't recall that she even blinked. She certainly didn't frown at me, or tell me I was selfish, or lacked compassion. Rather, she took me over to a bench, sat down next to me, and assured me I would get the blanket back. And then she told me about *shock*, the body's reaction to extreme hurt, how it makes a body cold, how my blanket would help keep the boy warm and help him heal faster.

Mrs. Fenimore's words made me feel heroic that day, like I had done a good deed. But her manner conveyed something more valuable and lasting: it said she believed I was capable of understanding, and that once I understood would want to do the right thing. A pearl of self-worth she gave me that day. I added it to my developing stash of self-knowledge and have kept it with me ever since.

Mr. Martinez's steps were strident as he came back into the classroom. He walked to the center front of the room and stood there looking at us, turning his head just enough for his gaze to fall on each and every one of us. He was a man of medium height and mixed Mexican and European heritage. His skin was fair, his hair jet black, and half the girls in my sixth grade class thought they were in love with him. Now, though, his usually playful brown eyes were blazing and we were all a little scared.

Minutes before he had left the classroom with Marie, the new girl, in tears. She'd come to school on that wet fall morning with a cloth diaper tied around her head as a scarf. Comments were made and Marie burst into tears.

I honestly don't know why we all picked on Marie. I guess because she was new, she was poor, and she had something wrong with her leg that made her gait gawky and uneven. She also had a beautiful face but that didn't save her from us.

We were like a pack of wolves, smelling vulnerability, unable to keep from attacking. Nothing physical. Just words. Comments meant to score her and, I suppose, to make their speaker feel powerful. It does me no good to say I never verbally teased Marie. Doesn't absolve me one iota. I never tried to stop those who did. And I laughed.

When our mild, friendly, clever teacher lit into us that morning it felt like a bolt of lightning searing my soul. What was the matter with us, he demanded. How in God's name could we be so cruel?

He had never been angry. I'd never heard him swear, even mildly, until that day. He stormed at us for what felt like an eternity until, his anger spent, he just looked sad. "I am so disappointed in you people" he said and walked past us to the back of the room, and sat at his desk.

Mr. Martinez's words filled all of us with shame that day. The wrongness of what we had done was clear and unambiguous and his anger brought that home. Marie was moved to a different classroom that day and soon left the school. I never got the chance to tell her I was sorry. I regret that to this day.

Mr. Martinez's disappointment took longer to understand. He had not expected such meanness from us. He believed we were better than that. Thus, we had let him down; we had hurt him, too. So went my eleven-year-old reasoning and with it came a determination to show him that he wasn't wrong, at least about me. I knew I was better than that. I worked hard that year to live up to the expectations of this man whom I admired. And in the process many of his standards became my own.

I've had many fine teachers but these two stand tall in my memory. Perhaps because I was young, my character still forming. But also because of the kind of people they were. Whatever the reason, I know I am a better human being for having had them as my teachers.

Thank you, Mrs. Fenimore. Muchas gracias, señor Martinez.

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First Day of School

By Sarah Marcotte

Looking at family photographs to select some for an old-fashioned photo album for my father, who will turn 80 in December, I came across several ‘first days of school’ photos. Oddly enough, there were no pictures of my own first day of school, even though I am the eldest.

I will never forget my first day of school, September 4, 1969, and certainly do not need a photographic reminder. I was excited to go to school and already loved to read, according to those pictures. My father always says that I was a very verbal child. I was ready to meet new kids. Pre-school at Mrs. Hufftalen’s three days a week prepared me for school. I was attending half-day kindergarten as there was no such thing as full-day kindergarten.

I spent the night before at the house of my best friend Barb. She was going to first grade and lived next door in a white aluminum siding-clad Cape with forest green shutters. One might consider it strange that I did not stay at home, especially as I was not allowed to host a sleepover until sixth grade.

We went to bed, probably around 7:30 pm, and shared Barb’s double bed. Somehow, I got a headache, perhaps from all of the anticipation. And

whenever I got a headache, I threw up, which is what I did, all over the bed. Barb got upset with me because she had to go sleep in her father’s room. The sheets were changed, but the bed was still wet even though they put towels down on the mattress. I finally fell asleep.

In the morning, I put on my favorite dress: black with white polka dots and a large daisy with a yellow center and a kelly-green stem. I sported a pixie haircut as my mother did not think I could take care of long hair. I wore a pair of black and white saddle shoes. I didn’t wear eyeglasses yet.

While waiting for the school bus, I heard some exciting news, but I do not remember who told me the news. I ran back to Barb’s garage, falling and skinning my knee. The driveway ate my knee with its silver cinders and gray sharp pebbles, which stuck in my skin in some places. Hardly noticing, and with blood all over my leg, I told her that I had a new baby sister, Martha! I boarded Bus 61 with Barb.

I do not remember a thing about the school, my teacher, the subjects, or the other students.

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Coming Up: Annual Codman Harvest Feast and Fair

The annual **Harvest Feast and Fair** is just around the corner. The fundraiser for the **Codman Farm** opens with a catered dinner and program on the night of **Friday, September 23rd**. The Feast celebrates the joy of community and the bounty of the harvest.

The Harvest Fair on Saturday, September 24th, from 1 pm to 4 pm, is family-oriented, featuring games, crafts, food, a blacksmithing demonstration, and music. This old-fashioned event features exhibits of fruits, vegetables, canned goods, pies, cakes, breads and handmade crafts in the annual Harvest Competition. There will be a separate category for children ages 13 and under so they can participate, too.

A wide- variety of fruits and vegetables grown by the exhibitors will be on display for that day, and Codman Community Farm plots will also be judged. Check out your neighbors' success with their gardens this year. Who has the prettiest tomatoes, the most tempting raspberries? What youngster can produce the ugliest vegetable? Farmers and amateur gardeners will vie for ribbons with plates of fruits, displays of farm produce, crafts, herbs, maple syrup, honey-comb, oh my!

As Mom and Grandma did, today's gardeners are still "putting food by" for the coming winter. Canned beets, bread-and-butter pickles, fruit juices, relish, beer and wine—Lincoln has an impressive crop of talented gardeners and artisans.

While displays of fresh fruits and vegetables are always interesting, the farm exhibition also features baked goods in several classes: breads, pies, cakes, cookies, rolls. And dairy: homemade yogurt, cheese, butter—made here, not in a factory.

Full rules and classes of entries are on the Codman Farm website, www.codmanfarm.org.

For example, the farm notes that vegetables will be judged according to correct number on plate; trueness to type; uniformity of size and shape; cleanliness; freshness; freedom from blemishes and disease. Judges like good quality, uniformity, freshness. Hot Tip: Bring a few more than the required number for your exhibit, so if something gets dented or squashed on the trip to the fair, you'll still be in the running! Be sure to make a note of the variety that you are exhibiting.

The Harvest Competition is a choice opportunity for Lincoln to show off our gardening talents and to tap into the town's history as a farming community.



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Ruth Levey was a Lincoln resident and a third grade teacher in the Lincoln Public Schools for over 20 years and a reading tutor in the Smith School for several years previous to her full-time classroom duties in Hartwell School. She retired in 1994 and moved with her husband Hal Levey, a cat named Charlie, and her beloved dog, Lucy, to Fairbanks, Alaska to live near her daughter Kerry and her husband, and her two granddaughters.

My First Teaching Job

By Ruth Posgate Levey



Mr. Bergeron picked me up early mornings five days a week. We crossed the Mississippi on the Napoleon Street ferry, threaded our way through the sparse early traffic of the West Bank and headed for school. Fisher One was a two-story clapboard building on the other side of the road from Bayou Barataria in a rural parish in southern Louisiana. On my first day I arrived without teaching experience, excited and scared at the prospect of a class of second graders to teach. The principal, Bess Harvey, a physically substantial woman of 200 pounds, met me with a smile and a stick which she assured me I could use should the need arise. I learned that all the middle school boys were well-acquainted with "Harvey's hot rod" though Miss Harvey was much loved and respected by all. Since there were no reading books in the classroom, that stick became a useful pointer to be followed by the students reading stories from the chalkboard. A month elapsed before textbooks were released from the safety of the storage closets of Jefferson Parish.

The school was clean and brightly lit by Louisiana sunshine. The lower grades lined one side of the building and the rooms opened onto a large lunch hall. Fourth through eighth graders were upstairs. We saw little of them. The Fisher School had a gymnasium in a separate building where Mr. Bergeron ran integrated basketball games. The toilets were in another detached building behind the school. At one end of the lunch room was a kitchen where Mrs. Frickey prepared the best beans and rice I ever tasted: red beans on Monday, white beans on Tuesday, back to reds on Wednesday and whites on Thursday. On Friday we got government surplus turkey, canned vegetables, and potatoes. The garbage cans were always full on Fridays.

In my classroom I had twenty-four desks set up in four straight rows. Windows that looked out on the bare, often muddy playground lined one wall, chalkboards the others except for the back wall which was cinder block painted white. Somehow the children put me at ease the first day. I told stories, allowed time for drawing, and invented some math that were ultimately practical. I wrote stories on the chalkboard for reading lessons, and started the children writing journals.

Of all the classes I have taught, my memory of this group is the clearest. Perhaps the setting had something to do with it: the moss-draped trees, the bayou and the "swimp shed" that hugged our fence along the road, the long tiresome waits after school while the buses made two trips, and the drawer full of toothbrushes that I kept for children whose new secondary teeth were sprouting in their mouths. Those eight-year-olds would be seventy years old now—how ridiculous. They remain second graders in my memory.

With whom do I start? With quiet Butch Rawls who drew a most accurate portrait of classmate Albert Creppel? With Sandy Denet, whose father owned a small grocery store in Lafitte? Dear Sandy had no number sense. She did her calculations with marbles in boxes. How would she make change in her father's store? With wiry, handsome Leo Kerner, who had a look-alike brother in every grade? Sandy Schexsnaider and Betty Freed were diligent learners. Shy Cheryl had a face full of freckles. There was Mary Alice Caldwell who had big brown eyes and blond hair carefully combed into ringlets. She came to school every day in a brown plaid dress that must have been washed, starched, and pressed each night. She was absent in the winter when her family trapped muskrats; I am left picturing Mary Alice skinning muskrats. Margaret Sauciert had a loud big brother in the upper grades and another who occasionally manned the drawbridge over the Intercoastal Canal. He liked to open the bridge when he saw the teachers coming. A boy named Robert attended school sporadically. He was very smart, very dirty, barefoot, yet charmingly sophisticated. He squinted a lot and I wondered if he needed glasses. Gloria Dardar lived in a houseboat hauled up at an angle at the edge of the bayou. I wondered about that family always walking either uphill or down. Catherine, who was twelve, assured me that she would inherit her grandmother's teeth so I need not worry about the ones rotting in her mouth. Her sister Delores had more on the ball. And last there was Ernie with a broad smiling face—bright, cooperative, eager. When I returned for a visit five years later with my two year old child he introduced me to his!

The Black children attended school a very long bus ride away on the other side of the bayou. Miss Harvey admitted several "Indians" into Fisher One, which bothered no one in the days of Black-White racial segregation. The French-speaking Cajun children came into Hattie Richard's first grade and I had fun interpreting for a few days early in the academic year.

Fisher One was a school community held together by a respect for the teaching staff and a beloved principal. So went my first year of teaching in elementary school. I subsequently acquired a teacher's certificate and taught for more than 20 years in Lincoln. The several hundred children who passed through my classrooms are ever dear in my memory but none left the deep impressions of those twenty-four second graders at the Fisher One School on Bayou Barataria in Laffite, Louisiana.

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Kindergarten Was Not Kind

By Jeanne Munn Bracken

Growing up in an alcoholic family, school became my refuge, the place where I could excel and get some recognition. But it didn't start off very well.

I had an awful kindergarten teacher at Arlington Elementary School in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Her name was Mrs. Smith. My older sister had also had Mrs. Smith for kindergarten, and my mother had already been a thorn in the woman's side. Bus students often arrived at school before the doors were open. All the older kids were allowed to go inside in bad (they called it "inclement") weather. Mrs. Smith's pupils had to wait outside til the last minute—damn the rain, snow, chill, whatever.

Mom went to the principal, who weaseled a bit but finally let the kids go in out of the weather. Strike one for Mom.

I remember the first day of kindergarten. Mrs. Smith was an older lady and had beady eyes. She yelled a lot. I remember just sitting or standing there, mute, while she yelled. I figured that was what teachers did.. In the middle of the year, the district opened up a new kindergarten close to my home, with a nice teacher, Mrs. Carroll. All the kids in my neighborhood were transferred to the new school and the nice teacher. I was not so lucky.

Stuck with Mrs. Smith for that whole year, I was perhaps understandably demoralized when I started first grade. I remember walking into the classroom and being very afraid I was too stupid and would not be able to learn to read.

Luckily, I did learn to read. Mom had been reading to my sister and me forever—curious, because Mom wasn't much of a reader. I can remember a few of my elementary school teachers, like Mrs. DeForrest screaming at me—which I probably deserved--but I best remember Mrs. Warner. She was the librarian in the new elementary school that opened in Lagrangeville when I was in about the second grade. Her daughter Barbara Jo was in my class. I spent as much time as I could in the library, worshipping books. One time a kid got scarlet fever and all his books had to be burned to avoid contagion. I was shocked! I went through all the Laura Ingalls Wilder books, swapped Nancy Drews with my friends, and hung out in the library. I wish I could find her today and thank her for being such a good role model.

When we moved to Henniker, New Hampshire in the early 1960s I went to a small high school and had the same teachers every year. Mr. Scully was the English teacher; he had definite ideas, probably good ones, about grammar and style. When my first book was published, I wrote him a letter, thanking him for his efforts, and ending, "I still start sentences with conjunctions. But now I get away with it."

It's been a long road from Arlington Elementary School, but I still remember Mrs. Smith most clearly. Curiously, two of my good friends are now named Mrs. Smith, both much kinder than the kindergarten Mrs. Smith.

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Capture the Moment- Enjoy it Next Year

By Anna Wilkins

Too many times to count I've been out on the trails in Lincoln and seen something amazing--a handful of times I've had my camera with me. These amazing things are not amazing in an action movie kind of way, they're more on the order of baby-first-finding-his-feet kind of way. The fact that you are there to bear witness to something natural, just a mere moment, is amazing.

The Lincoln Land Conservation Trust wants to honor the moments that happen out there on our conservation lands every day in a calendar for 2012 featuring your photographs. Perhaps you notice the way the light is filtering through the leaves in the forest, a dragonfly that's sitting on a stalk of grass in a meadow, or a foggy morning at your favorite vista. Capture it on camera and send us the images to be considered for our first conservation land calendar. We're looking for images from all seasons. The photos do not necessarily need to be from this year. For information on contest rules and how to enter visit <http://llctcalendar.blogspot.com/>. All entries will be posted at <http://www.flickr.com/photos/llct/>.



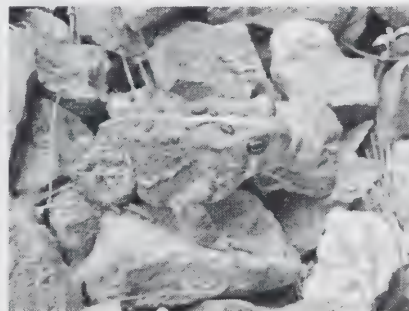
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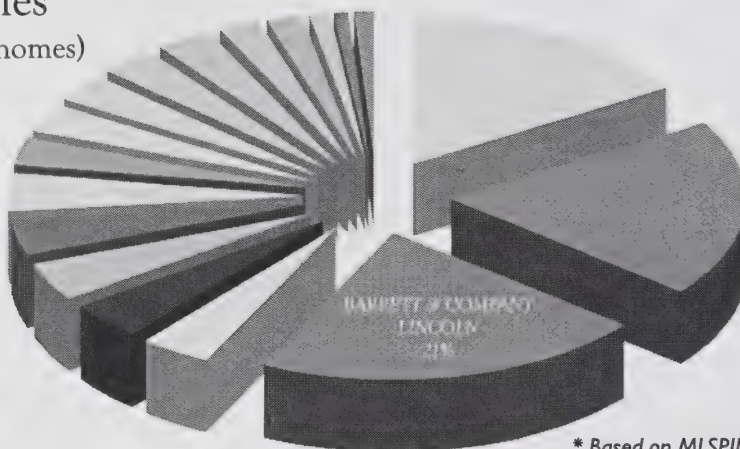
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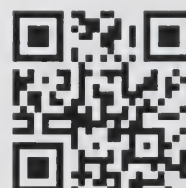
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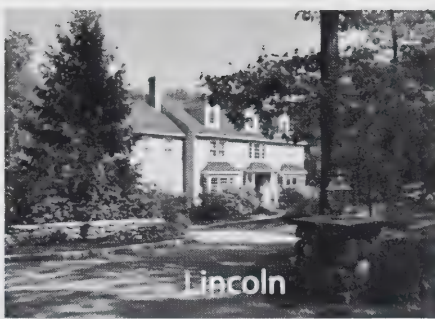


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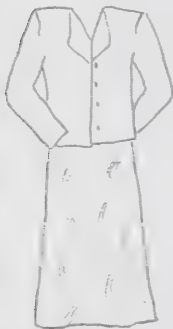
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DeCordova Announces Exhibition *Andy Goldsworthy: Snow*

The exhibition *Andy Goldsworthy: Snow* will be on view at deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum May 29 through December 31, 2011. This spring, deCordova announced it had approved a proposal from the internationally renowned sculptor Andy Goldsworthy for a commissioned work called *Snow House*. DeCordova has organized the exhibition *Andy Goldsworthy: Snow* in order to raise awareness and the funding necessary to bring the proposed work to fruition. The exhibition will include snow-related works by the artist (photographs, video, drawings), research about ice harvesting in New England, as well as his proposal drawings for *Snow House*.

In 2009, deCordova changed its name to deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum to emphasize its renewed focus on sculpture. Major fundraising efforts to support this new vision were launched and have been helped by the establishment of the Hamilton R. James Sculpture Park Acquisition Fund. This \$1,000,000 challenge grant is aimed at encouraging others to support deCordova's goal of bringing important new works by internationally recognized artists to the Park.

The acquisition of *Snow House* would qualify deCordova as the only institution in New England to have a major site-specific outdoor installation by Andy Goldsworthy, advancing deCordova's goal to become one of the nation's premier sculpture parks by 2020. Goldsworthy is best known in the United States for his permanently installed

works at the Storm King Art Center (*Storm King Wall*, 1997-98) and at the National Gallery of Art, (*Roof*, 2003-2005).

"To work with Andy Goldsworthy, one of the world's most beloved sculptors, is a transformative opportunity for deCordova," says Director Dennis Kois. "Not only would *Snow House* secure deCordova's place as a leader in sculpture, but it would also give a unique gift to the community at large: the possibility of experiencing this landmark project for generations to come. We look forward to working with our friends and supporters—old and new—to bring this project to life."

Snow House

British artist Andy Goldsworthy is perhaps the most widely recognized sculptor working today. Since the late 1970s, he has created visually and emotionally arresting works of art made almost exclusively with natural materials—sticks, leaves, flowers, trees, rain, snow, ice, mud, pebbles, boulders, etc. —often ephemeral, sometimes permanent. His work in sculpture, installation, photography, drawing, video, and performance is an ongoing dialogue with nature, landscape, time, history, ritual, and labor.

In 2009, deCordova invited Goldsworthy to propose a permanent outdoor installation. On a cold winter's day in 2010, the artist spent several hours exploring the snow and ice-covered 35-acre landscape of the Sculpture Park. Shortly thereafter, inspired by the site, the New England climate, and the



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relationship between the land and the frozen waters of adjacent Flint's Pond, he submitted drawings and a description for an idea that he calls *Snow House*.

Goldsworthy proposes to create a stacked granite architectural structure, set deeply into the pond-side slope, based on the design principles of pre-industrial ice houses. Before refrigeration, ice was cut from frozen ponds in winter and densely stacked in these buildings, where it would be preserved for use during the summer months. Instead of ice, Goldsworthy plans to fill the *Snow House* with a single snowball, approximately 9 feet in diameter.

Each winter, after the first significant snowfall, Museum staff and local community groups will create the snowball within the *Snow House*, where it will remain enclosed until summer, when the chamber will be opened to reveal a physical reminder of winter. The snowball will slowly melt over a week to ten day period, and the *Snow House* will then remain open until the following winter. According to the artist, "the work is not an object, but a container—a forum for change, memory, replenishment, season—in which the construction and care of the object, along with its interaction with people, are integral to the work."

Snow House merges Goldsworthy's profound explorations of the ephemeral and the permanent, and includes an ongoing performance aspect that marks the seasons in perpetuity. This project is also new and unique for Goldsworthy: while he has frequently worked with both snow and aspects of ancient architecture (walls, arches, cairns, sheepfolds, barns), *Snow House* is the first project to combine the two so integrally and directly.

"Both deCordova and Andy Goldsworthy are particularly excited about *Snow House* because the project will significantly expand the artist's aesthetic practice," says Nick Capasso, deCordova's Deputy Director for Curatorial Affairs. "Never before has this artist entrusted crucial ongoing aspects of a project to an institution. This is an artwork that must be tended, annually, in perpetuity. Each winter deCordova will ensure, and document, the creation of a colossal snowball, and celebrate its magical reemergence each summer. Only by partnering so closely with a committed venue can Goldsworthy so

profoundly and simultaneously mark seasonal, historical, and experiential time. *Snow House* will become one of the artist's most important works with snow." Goldsworthy's greatest snow projects to date include *Touching North* (four huge upright circles of snow blocks created at the North Pole in April, 1989), and *Midsummer Snowballs* (the mysterious placement and melting of 13 giant snowballs on the streets of London before dawn on June 21, 2000).

Snow House also engages both the topography of the Sculpture Park, as well as its historical site. While the artist was initially inspired by the ice houses built on country estates in Britain, ice houses were also ubiquitous in New England. Well into the 20th century, farmers cut ice from their ponds (including Flint's Pond), and in the early 19th century, the harvesting and export of ice was vital to the region's economy. Ice cut from Walden Pond in Concord and Fresh Pond in Cambridge (the latter named for the quality of its ice) was shipped as far away as India.

To publicly announce the *Snow House* proposal, and to provide context for this new work, deCordova will organize and present the indoor gallery exhibition *Andy Goldsworthy: Snow* May 28–December 31, 2011. This exhibition will include the original proposal drawings for *Snow House*, Goldsworthy's video artwork *Snow Shadow Fold*, two large-scale *Snowball Drawings*, several of the artist's own photographs of related snow projects, multi-media educational materials about the artist, the historical relevance of *Snow House*, and repeated showings of the award-winning documentary on Andy Goldsworthy, *Rivers and Tides*. This exhibition will be accompanied by a full-color brochure with an essay discussing both the proposal and the artist's ongoing engagement with snow, and multi-media educational materials about the history of ice harvesting in New England.

Andy Goldsworthy: Snow is organized by deCordova's Deputy Director for Curatorial Affairs, Nick Capasso, and has been partially funded by a generous grant from the Lois and Richard England Family Foundation. Additional support provided by media partner WGBH. All works are © Andy Goldsworthy and Galerie Lelong, New York, NY.

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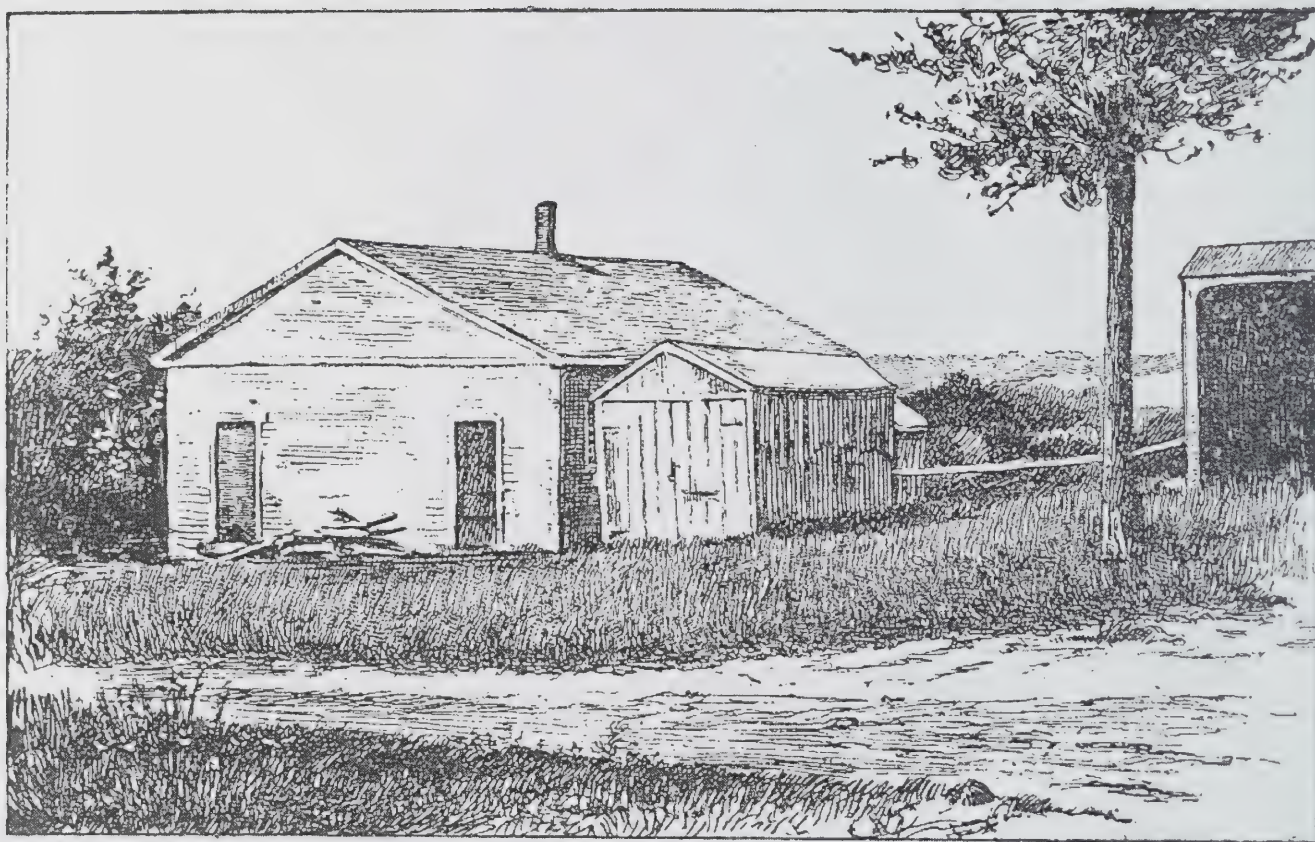
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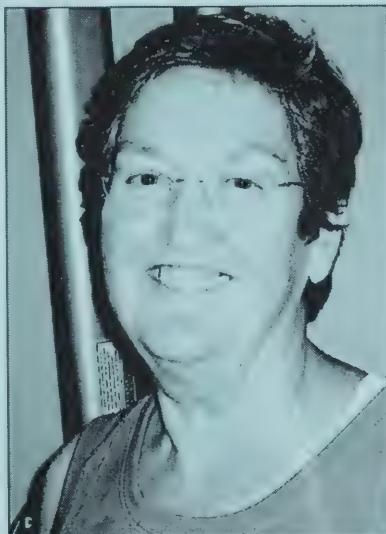
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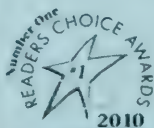
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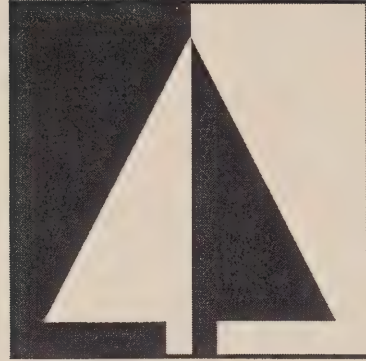
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On the Moderator's Mind: Democracy is a Verb¹

By Sarah Cannon Holden

We all know that democracy depends on active citizen participation. Here in Lincoln there are endless opportunities to be involved in the community. Over the years thousands of people have volunteered their time, expertise and interests to preserve the qualities of this community that have drawn us to live here. Our volunteers have worked to protect our open spaces and to provide affordable housing. They work in support of the public library and the public schools. They deliberate over proposals for change and requests for funding. They are the town's representatives and any one of us can be such a volunteer. The health of democracy depends upon all of us to be informed, to participate, to vote – to act.

A professional staff supports our boards and committees but we depend in this town and in our democracy on volunteers. One of my goals as the town moderator is to find ways to encourage new volunteers to join the seasoned ones. I ask you to think about a board or committee where you might serve – for a short-term task or a long-term commitment. Some test the waters; others dive in head first. It's your choice!

All volunteers were, of course, new to the town at one time or another. They stepped forward and over the years became more and more involved. They discovered that the work of a town volunteer is both challenging and rewarding, stimulating and fulfilling.

There are many ways to participate. Below is a list of most of the town boards and committees each of which is composed of citizen volunteers – some elected and some appointed. Whether you are new to town or a long-time resident, you are welcome to step up to take part where you see the best fit for your interests, time and skills.

You may download a VOLUNTEER SIGN UP FORM and get more information at the town website -- www.lincolntown.org . Or you may visit the Town Offices. If you have a question about a particular board, please ask the chair of the board and/or attend a meeting or write to me at lincolnmoderator@yahoo.com. You may submit the completed volunteer form by mail, fax or e-mail to:

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Soon I will be announcing the formation of a Volunteer Recruitment Committee. My hope is that citizens will volunteer when they are able and that everyone will always share their ideas for sustaining our wonderful community here in Lincoln.

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¹ Variation on Buckminster Fuller quote.



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Supermarket?

What Supermarket?

By Natasha Shabat

Henry David Thoreau, in his paean to simple living called *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, declared that “a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.”

When Donelan’s roof caved in I’d been living in Lincoln a little less than one year, having moved here from the more urban regions of Arlington, MA (and Cambridge before that). During my first year in Lincoln I “enjoyed” many first-time experiences, such as ...

1. being bitten by a dog tick;
2. finding a mouse in my attic;
3. spilling garbage in my car on the way to the Dump;
4. picking up stuff at the Swap Table that I really didn’t need, only to return it the next time;
5. finding a mouse in my kitchen;
6. finding a mouse in my couch;
7. being bitten by a deer tick;
8. putting in a supply of doxycycline;
9. running screaming from giant wolf spiders;
10. being bitten by carpenter ants as they fell through the skylights;
11. finding a mouse climbing up my screen door;
12. having a corner of a ceiling crash down onto my computer printer;
13. finding a mouse in my car engine;
14. having my car attacked by an Egyptian plague of hail (aka acorns);
15. learning how to set a mouse trap;
16. filling my bathtub with cold water every time a storm threatens; and, of course,
17. learning to get my local grocery shopping done by 8 PM.

I chalked these up to “learning experiences in country living.” So, when Donelan’s roof fell down, I added “dwelling in a town with no grocery store” to this list.

Despite the inconvenience of traveling to other towns’ stores (Stop & Shop, Crosby’s, Costco, Trader Joe’s, Whole Foods), I appreciate the challenge. Having to plan a bit makes my grocery-shopping more intentional. More deliberate.

Deliberately, I grow more vegetables in my garden plot at Codman Community Farm, supplementing them with locally grown fare from farmers markets. (And if I crave some “junk food,” I have to plan for that deliberately, too.)

For me, living in Lincoln has nothing to do with the presence or absence of a local supermarket. Since moving here, I ...

1. can make my frequent pilgrimage to Walden Pond in eight minutes;
2. fell in love with a wood stove;
3. learned to stack my own firewood;
4. discovered that my woodpile functions beautifully as a mouse motel;
5. attended *Rosh haShanah* services in a barn, with a live chicken strutting through the congregation;
6. love teaching Biblical Hebrew in the woods;
7. made friends with Spidey – she eats a lot of bugs;
8. open the window on a late December night, better to hear the transcendent howling of coyotes;
9. study maps of “Thoreau Country” with more deliberateness – I can see my house from there!

Having a supermarket in town is something I can afford to let alone. I feel richer than ever.

Copyright 2011 Natasha Shabat

Natasha Shabat learned Hebrew as an adult and has been teaching full-time since 1997, in congregations, community centers, and private homes. Her students – whom she teaches in groups, individually, and by video and telephone --- include *rabbis* and rabbinical students, *cantors*, lay readers, *Me’ah* graduates, Hebrew-school drop-outs and *Jews-by-choice*. Among her students are doctors, lawyers, professors, business leaders, grandmothers, great-grandmothers, West Point graduates, and *Christian clergy*.

Natasha is a graduate of *Harvard University* in *Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations*.



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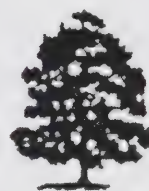
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Getting Ready for the Storm

By Mary Ann Hales

At first I wasn't too worried. Even though hurricane Irene was on her way, I had prepared, buying flashlights and batteries and extra "storm food" three days before the storm was predicted to arrive. After so many snowstorms and blizzards, I figured we knew how to cope.

My adult children had helped prepare the outside of the house. We lowered the solar panels on the roof and weighed them down with cinderblocks. All the portable items in the yard had been stored in a jumble in the shed—lawn chairs, plastic table, hanging tomato plant, hanging bird feeder and decorative items. Things that the high winds might blow around. We thought we were ready. By Saturday evening on August 27 we settled in to watch the Patriots on television. Let Irene come.

Sunday morning arrived with strange and disquieting restless weather. By now my three grandchildren from Seattle were at Milton Academy, visiting their cousins there. So the house was unusually quiet with my husband, Charles, my daughter-in-law, Anne and yours truly. A calm descended on our house as the sky gloomed over.

I began to watch the storm coverage on the television. There was talk of evacuation, which was something that had never occurred to me. Since we live on a high ridge above the Cambridge Reservoir, I have never worried about flooding. But suddenly as the television showed pictures of cars lined up to leave Martha's Vineyard and the newscasters yammered on about evacuation possibilities, a dark thought crept into my mind. What if we were ordered to evacuate?

I decided that we should be prepared, and not try to gather our wits and supplies at the last moment.

So I did what I usually do in moments of crisis—I got a clipboard and began to make lists.

Anne and I calculated that the six of us could fit in our minivan and the vehicle would hold a good amount of supplies in the back. As the wind picked up, I went on the Internet to look for a list of what we should take. I wasn't going to gather it all, but knew that if the fire or police called and said, "Get out," we would be too flustered to think

straight. So we needed to plan ahead about what to take.

Sure enough, I found a list entitled "Hurricane Survival Kit." Anne and I added a few items we thought of, including what she and the children would need.

My sister began telephoning as the winds increased. She lives in Lower Alabama, on the Florida-Alabama coast where hurricanes are an ever-present risk. She has had to evacuate twice! She had been following our weather intently. Each phone call added another item to our list that she had found on hers, which she keeps at the ready.

As the newscasters showed downed trees in Wellesley and high tides on the Cape, Anne and I finished our preparations. She asked where the big trees were that might fall on our house. (Everywhere). I made lunch and cleaned up in the kitchen. Charles watched the storm coverage on television. Anne stretched out on the sofa in the living room and watched the large trees bend in the high winds. The rain came hard. Deluges of water poured off the edges of our flat roof like a waterfall, overwhelming our gutters. Nancy kept calling with more ideas. It was a strange quiet day inside and a wild day outside.

Irene came and Irene went. In the end, we had no destruction to our home and were fortunate not to lose power. By 6 pm, it had quieted enough that we drove down to Milton and collected the grandchildren. The next morning, they did a marvelous job of clearing up the limbs in the yard. Irene left me with a much better appreciation for what my sister goes through on the Alabama coast. And in preparation for the next storm, I have a good supply of flashlights, batteries, and a new list.

*Mary Ann's Evacuation List from 2011
(With help from Weather.com and Anne)*

- At least a 3-day supply of water (one gallon per person per day)
- Non-perishable food
- Formula, diapers and other baby supplies
- Manual can opener
- First aid kit

- Prescription and non-prescription medicines
- Toiletries
- Cell phones and battery-powered cell phone chargers
- Plenty of batteries
- Battery-powered radios and flashlights
- Extra cash
- Blankets, sleeping bags, books and games & cards
- Pocketknife
- Toilet paper
- Change of clothes/underwear
- Protective Shoes
- Sweatshirt
- Identification
- Glasses
- Hand sanitizer
- Garbage bags
- Raincoats

© 2011 by Mary Ann Hales

Editor's Note We wish we had this list available for the November storm!

For Your Listening Enjoyment

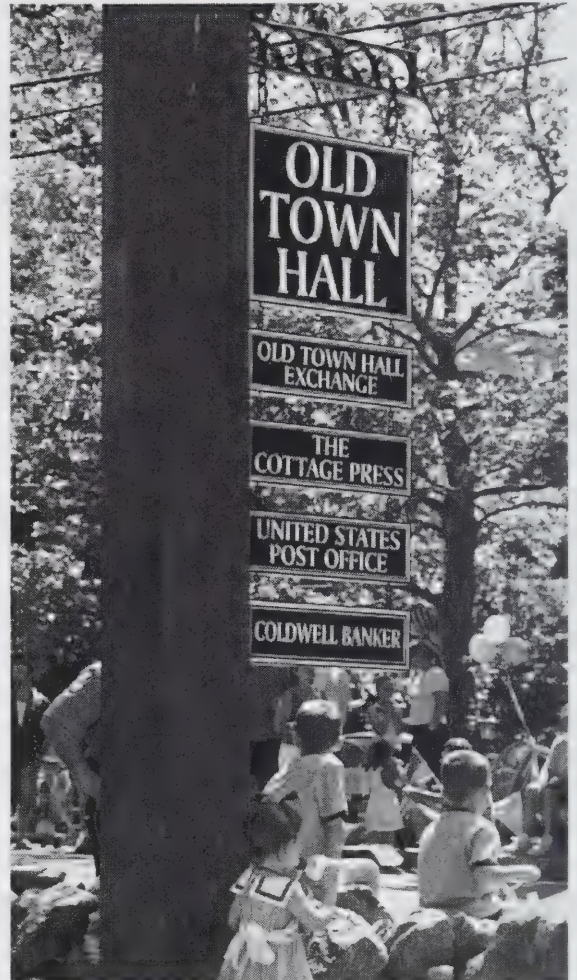
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September 14 2011*	Vern Welch	Vern Welch asks "Where can I hear good local jazz ?"
October 12 2011	Dean Smith	Big Bands Part One. The early years.
November 9 2011	Gene Darling	The Dream Classic Jazz Movie, starring Bobby Hackett, Eddie Condon, Benny Goodman, Frank Sinatra and others
December 14 2011	Bob Fuller	Bob Fuller Informs us about Ruby Braff
January 11 2012	Norm Nichols	Norm Nichols will tickle our fancy with "Lighten Up III"
February 8 2012	Harold McAleer	"A Hodgepodge of Jazz - Old, New, Near, Far"
March 14 2012	David Whitney	Dave Whitney will introduce us to more of the great musicians of the past who have been neglected by many music critics
April 11, 2011	To Be Announced	To Be Announced
May 2011	Annual Live Concert	Our annual "live" jazz program. Artist, date, time and venue to be announced shortly.

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Library Provides Basic Services to Residents in Need

By Barbara Myles

On Sunday, October 30 heavy, wet snow fell in Lincoln. Many trees' leaves were still green from the unusually warm September we had. The leaves became snow covered and grew heavier and heavier until limbs began to break. Some of the limbs fell onto power lines and we lost power. The library would not open that day.

The power came back Halloween morning for the library but not for most of the town. School was closed. Halloween was postponed until the downed power lines could be removed from the roads and walkways. Most of the staff homes lost power and we were glad to go to work in a place with heat and electricity. As we arrived at the library, the phones were already ringing. "Are you open?" "Do you have power?" they asked. We gave them the good news and began to realize that a lot of people would soon join us.

We were down a couple of staff members because our former Bookkeeper/Administrative Assistant, Kathy Rushby, had retired in September and her replacement, Ginny Turpin, would not start until the next day. Amy Gavalis, Children's Librarian, stayed home to take care of storm damage. That left Dana Weigent, Circulation Assistant for the Children's Department, as the lone staff member on the second floor of the library.

When people came to the library, they wanted to use electrical outlets to charge their mobile phones and power their laptops. Dana discovered every outlet on the second floor of the library even if that meant moving furniture and crouching under tables. When I walked around the library later in the day, it looked like every outlet was in use! The library became a social center with people swapping storm stories. All of the seats were taken; the library was a WiFi hotspot with all ports taken.

The library had heat so even after their phones were recharged people camped out at the library instead of returning home. We are open until 8:30 p.m. on Mondays and it was difficult for us to break camp and head back to our cold and dark homes.

On Tuesday Laura Paryl, Reference Librarian, reported that her electricity had come back. We were glad for her but envious too. The electricity at Jennifer Donaldson's and Andrew Loof's (Circulation Assistants) houses came back Monday morning when the library's power returned. Ellen Sisco (Assistant Director) and Tal Gerechter (Circulation Assistant) also had power. There were fewer residents charging their phones at the library than on Monday which we took as a sign of progress.

Later on Tuesday I was talking to Laura about a work related matter and she said, "You can take a shower at my house if you want to." I took a couple of steps backward. Did I smell? Laura laughed and said, "It's not like you need one, do you?" We both laughed.

By Wednesday camping out was not so thrilling. I have well water at my house so I didn't have running water. One of the side effects of no running water is that the toilet doesn't work. My power had returned overnight so I was in a good mood. Amy and Dana were still without power at home. Sitting on the wooden bench in the lobby was a woman who was wearing a red down jacket and white pants with cute Scottish terriers printed on them. "I really like your pants," I called over to her from the circulation desk. "Oh these?" she replied, "These are my pajamas!"

Copyright 2011 Barbara Myles

EYE ON THE SPARROW

by Rhoda Taschioglou

Like most Lincolmites, we 've been preoccupied during the past several weeks with the acquisition of adequate heat, light, and sanitation, issues that usually don't occupy the center of our attention. Although this scene began to pall very quickly, one positive outcome has been that our speed and accuracy resetting electric clocks have improved dramatically with multiple daily practice sessions.

Now that we're finally rewired, we've realized that during the power disruption we hadn't been keeping much of an eye on Sparrow. So we were concerned when a couple of nights ago, instead of eating her dinner, she curled up with her head buried in a mound of pillows and blankets.

At first she was reluctant to open up about what was troubling her, but after some ear and tummy scratching and a handsome cheese treat she confided that her developing friendship with Tom Tom, the natty, narcissistic wild turkey who struts on our deck, has been interrupted by his decision to go "on the lam" until December.

Apparently Tom Tom, a passionate member of Wild Turkeys for Freedom, has been teaching Sparrow the steps of the Turkey Trot during the past several weeks while regaling her with tales of the tragic waste of magnificent talented turkeys sacrificed to an

outdated holiday tradition. "It all started when there were too many wild turkeys," she explained, "so no one would miss them if some were gone. But now there are hardly enough left to come to a really swinging Trot Hop."

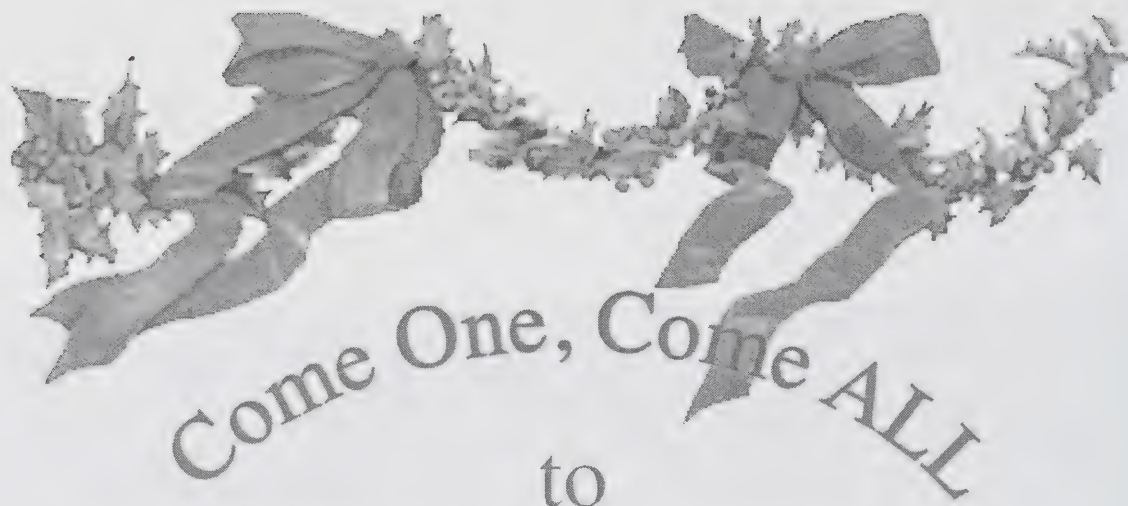
It was clear how these stories had traumatized Sparrow when she begged us to let her create an alternative menu for the last Thursday in November. Wishing to appear open-minded, we agreed to let her give it a try, and she submitted her suggestions for a "politically correct" Thanksgiving meal emphasizing that it contained only ingredients we "would not miss if they were gone."

Appetizer: Ecurenil Paté
Entre: Chacal carbonnade
Cochon oreilles
Dessert: Fromages Varies

We gotta hand it to the French. Who knew that Squirrel paté, Coyote stewed in beer, Pigs' Ears, and assorted cheeses could sound so good?



Sparrow Photo by Kemon Taschioglou



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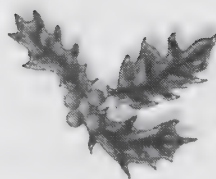
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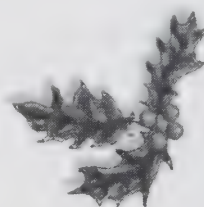
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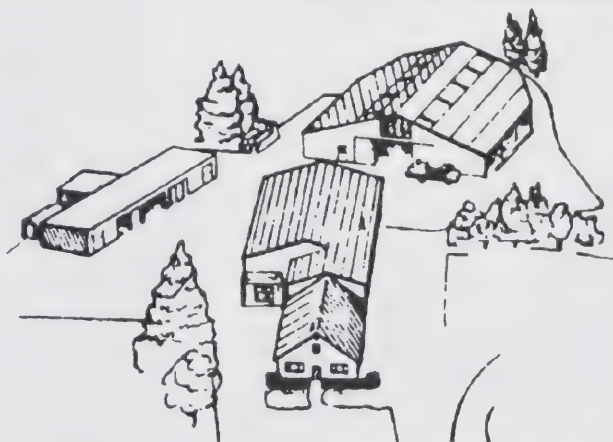
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Holiday Season

By Jeanne Bracken

Santa and the reindeer. Nativity scenes (on private lawns.) Colorful lights everywhere. Ubiquitous Christmas carols in stores well before Thanksgiving. In the mail, escalating piles of catalogs and dwindling numbers of holiday cards. Craft fairs and holiday fairs and church bazaars, oh my! As the song says, "It's Christmas time in the city." And in the suburbs. And in the small towns. Like Lincoln.

But not everybody is into the traditional Christmas and other holiday hoop-la. And with the multi-cultural population of Lincoln and like townships, the flavors of the holidays are bolder, brighter, and altogether spicier, starting with the traditional contra dance at the Smith Gym Thanksgiving Night to work off some of those pumpkin pie calories.

Family traditions vary widely, of course. A lot may depend on their family ethnic or religious background. The Ingard family's Swedish roots color their festivities. Sven was born in the U.S. but his parents were from Sweden and they still celebrate with a Scandinavian flavor. On Christmas Eve they all get together and have a meal with ham or turkey, plus traditional dishes like Jansson's Surprise with herring, potatoes and cream, as well as herring salad with beets and apples; and pepparkakor (gingerbread). There are baskets of candies and gingersnaps around the house. While Swedes celebrate St. Lucia's day earlier in December, the Ingard family skips that tradition.

"When I was a kid, we had the big celebration on Christmas Eve," Sven reported, and on Christmas Day he and siblings played with their new toys. The family now (Sven and Susan, plus LS student Steven and his sisters Courtney and Catherine, both at Georgetown, the former a freshman and the latter in her second year of medical school) has their own traditions. After the wider family celebration on Christmas Eve, they return to Lincoln for their own festivities on the 25th with another tree and gifts, the best of both worlds.

Marie Wasnock, Lincoln's archivist, was raised in Hawaii in a Filipino family. Marie remembers that Christmas on the islands was like Christmas here, except for the cold and snow. On Thanksgiving they have a big turkey dinner and her mother insists on watching the Macy's parade. "For Christmas, we would go to Mass, then come home, take family pictures by the tree, then tear into our gifts! Sometimes we would drive around the neighborhood at night to see which cul de sacs had elaborate lights in their yard, or we would go to the Honolulu Hale to see the 'Honolulu City Lights' show with the gigantic Hawaiian-style Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus display."

Marie added, "It's great at night this time of the year because that's when it starts getting chilly in Hawaii (low 60s... Brrrr!!!!) We break out our cardigans and sweatshirts, and use another blanket in addition to our bed sheet.

"What's great about the holidays in Hawaii is that it is multicultural, just like Hawaii's population, and follows traditions taken from many of the cultures that settled in the islands. You could attend a holiday feast with Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, Filipino, American, and Portuguese food all on one table.

"New Year's Eve is probably the most unique in Hawaii when it comes to the holidays because locals really go all out with popping their own fireworks. The smoke from everyone's fireworks lingers until New Year's morning! I was surprised by how quiet New Year's Eves can be here in Mass.! I think the firework tradition in Hawaii stemmed from the Chinese belief that the fireworks would scare off bad spirits."

The First Parish Church on Bedford Road is ecumenical, drawing from both the Unitarian Universalist and United Church of Christ traditions, but it welcomes people from many religious traditions and backgrounds. Unlike most Christian churches, the First Parish celebrates the Winter Solstice, which was the origin of Christmas celebrations (December 25 on the Julian calendar, was the

Roman Winter Solstice, according to that fount of knowledge, Wikipedia.)

The First Parish annual service features Celtic music, ancient solstice rituals, and a celebration of the return of the light. The Winter Solstice this year is at 5 a.m. on December 22, denoting the shortest day of the year, the point at which daylight hours begin, ever so slowly, to grow longer. Recognizing the unlikelihood of gathering the congregation in the cold pre-dawn, the Winter Solstice service is at 7 pm on Wednesday, December 21.

Other Lincoln families just duck the whole thing. Barbara Low's family is Jewish. On occasion she, her husband Steve, and their three daughters have left town for Christmas. "One year we took a Western Caribbean cruise. We didn't want to miss the boat in case of bad weather, so we flew down to Florida early and spent Christmas Day at Busch Gardens." Some of the attractions were closed, but they were able to wander around among the animals.

"Lots of people start a cruise on the 26th and stay aboard through New Year's, celebrating on the ship." A few years ago the Low family went to Morocco for the holidays, leaving here on the 26th and celebrating New Year's at the fancy home of a French family. They had hired their own tour guide and visited several cities, giving them a flexibility they wouldn't have had on a regular tour. And the weather was warm.

Mostly, though, the Lows do the classic Jewish Christmas tradition: Chinese food and a movie. Not just any movie, though, since it's the start of the Academy Awards season with good choices. There is a lot of discussion before the movie is picked; a couple of years ago "True Grit" was controversial, but in the end they loved it.

This year? Maybe the new Leonardo Di Caprio movie, "J. Edgar," directed by Clint Eastwood. But always, the Chinese food. It's a tradition!

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Minuteman High School: A Revolution in Learning

By Judy Bass – Minuteman High School
Communications Specialist

When driving onto the Minuteman High School campus at 758 Marrett Road in Lexington, it's easy to be struck by the age of the School's massive main building, particularly the wear-and-tear its façade has weathered since opening its doors back in 1974.

But then you walk into the School and something happens. As teens and teachers buzz around you, a near endless gaggle of excited voices and faces and laughter, the memory of the building's aging exterior recedes and is replaced by a very different thought: this place is *not* your typical high school. In fact, somewhat serendipitously, there is a sign in the hallway that makes a rather interesting declaration. It proclaims Minuteman "The Modern American High School."

And – surprise – it very well just might be. Why?

Rather than just enroll students from one town, or maybe two, they commute from more than 30 communities, including District towns like Acton, Arlington, Belmont, Bolton, Boxborough, Carlisle, Concord, Dover, Lancaster, Lexington, Lincoln, Needham, Stow, Sudbury, Wayland, and Weston, as well as several non-district towns. These students balance a traditional high school curriculum while also focusing on what the School refers to as a "major." These majors – and there are more than twenty of them from which students can choose – include subjects as contemporary and diverse as Biomanufacturing, Cosmetology, Landscaping Technology, and Robotics. When they graduate from the School, students can either continue on to college (and 73% of the Class of 2010 went on to attend 45 different colleges) or immediately start their careers, often with a professional certification or license received while at Minuteman.

Superintendent-Director Dr. Edward A. Bouquillon is clear about the School's goal: "We provide students with flexibility by equipping them with the academic foundation and study skills to succeed in college and the industry certifications and acumen to succeed in business. In today's quickly shifting economic environment, flexibility is very important."

Mr. Kemon Taschioglou, the Lincoln representative on the Minuteman School Committee, observed, "Minuteman provides a remarkable process for helping students discover their individual talents, for focusing its teaching styles to match these talents, as well as their individual learning styles; and then Minuteman follows up. It allows the student to explore a wide array of what for him or her would be the most suitable career paths. These paths or courses then match not only the student, but also the fast-evolving needs of the workplace, our global, technological society."

A key feature of a Minuteman education is hands-on technical experience, which allows students to apply what they learn in the classroom to real-world situations in the community. These off-site student projects make Minuteman an extremely important resource in the local region.

"Projects such as these are a valuable learning opportunity for our students," said Dr. Bouquillon. "Our visibility can help parents and citizens get a better sense of what the new Minuteman is all about and create some conversation around what we consider to be our revolution in learning."

"Off-campus project opportunities are a great way to give the students hands-on experience

while forming a connection between the community and the industry they plan to go into,” said Sarah White, Horticulture / Landscape Technology Instructor at Minuteman. “For the Horticulture students, off-campus projects allow them to see first-hand the types of careers and employment opportunities that exist in their community as well as interact with industry professionals from a wide variety of horticulture disciplines. Minuteman is a high school that encourages students to make these connections between what they are learning and real-world industry.”

Students also utilize their professional abilities to produce goods and services that are available to the local public from the Minuteman Bakery, Minuteman Automotive, the Mall at Minuteman, The Salon at Minuteman and Minuteman Horticulture seasonal sales. Please visit www.minuteman.org for additional information.

Challenging academics are a major element of a Minuteman education – albeit with a twist. Each student is expected to apply academic knowledge and skills to solve complex problems *and* create new products.

Colleges and today’s employers now expect such application ability. For instance, Minuteman students not only learn to solve quadratic equations, but they also learn how and when to use quadratic equations. This innovative approach – what Dr. Bouquillon repeatedly refers to as a “revolution in learning” – gives students the *power* of academics in action, thus helping them to better retain what they studied, as well as understand *why* they study certain concepts.

Beyond its high school, Minuteman also offers technical training programs to adults seeking new careers in select high-demand industries.

Candidates may apply to the ACT (Adult Career Training) programs to hone their skills in a technical area, retrain for new employment, or acquire new technical skills.

The ACT programs are often free or are available at a discounted tuition rate to in-district students.

Applications and further information are available from Minuteman’s Community Education Office (781-861-7150) or by visiting www.minuteman.org/continuing-education.

After a visit to Minuteman in 2010 to observe some of its career training programs for adults, Massachusetts Secretary of Labor and Workforce Development Joanne Goldstein left no doubt about her impression of the school and the tremendous educational opportunities it offers.

“I was blown away by how wonderful it was,” Goldstein said. “Seeing these programs in action was just incredible.”

Her visit to Minuteman was prompted in part by the fact that the school was among eight workforce training partnerships in Massachusetts that received federal stimulus funds. Minuteman’s Adult Biotechnician Certificate program was awarded \$141,000 to provide an expanded daytime program to train students for entry-level positions in the Life Sciences industry.

“The current financial challenge requires innovation in maximizing public and private resources to improve individual economic opportunity,” said Supt. Bouquillon. “Our mission of preparing all learners for success in a global workplace includes students who go to college, students that go directly to work, unemployed people, as well as current employees seeking to upgrade their technical skill sets.”

So the next time you find yourself driving down Route 2A, look for the new Minuteman sign. Beneath the School name, you might notice that it says, “A Revolution in Learning.”

Now you’ll know why.

For more information about Minuteman High School, visit www.minuteman.org.



Carpentry



Biomanufacturing



Cosmetology



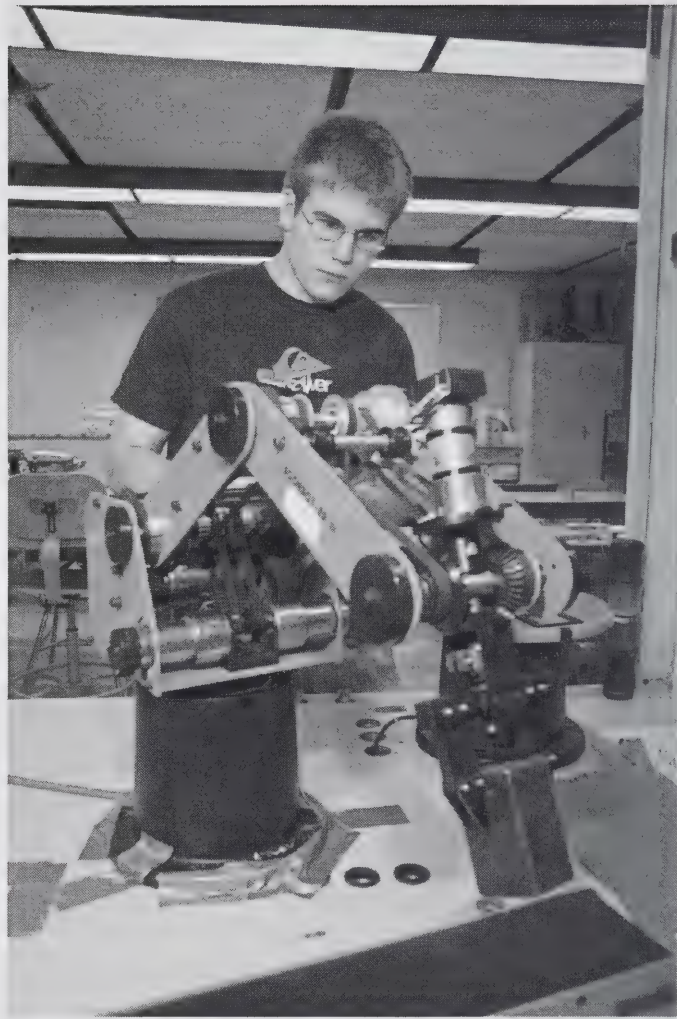
Automotive



Dental



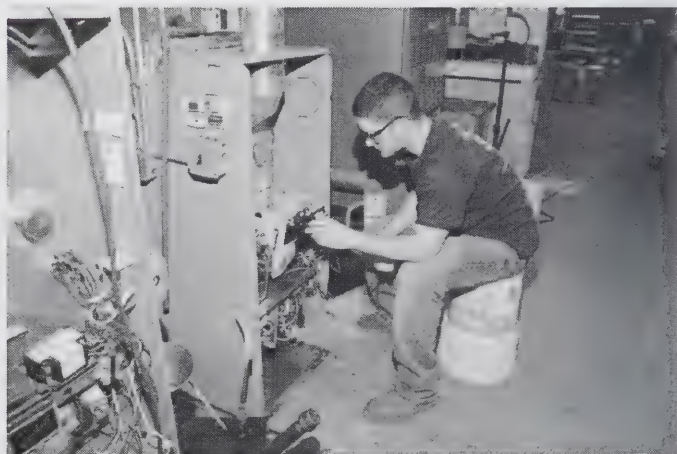
Electrical



Robotics



Culinary



Photographs were taken by Bill Heisler and John n Pelletier

LINGERING IN LINCOLN

You Think You Know Neil Feinberg?

By Jeanne M. Bracken

The intent of this column has been to introduce to the Lincoln community some people who are perhaps not well-known but who have an impact on the town. For this issue, though, we've had a chat with a very well-known resident, the ever interesting and, dare we say it, opinionated Neil Feinberg. The popular columnist in the *Lincoln Journal* and blogger on all things Lincoln is fascinated by local town affairs.

"I enjoy the politics, the drama. I go to Planning Board meetings and watch them deny someone's dream house, and then the lawyers get involved... It's better than what's on television."

He got started when his son Jesse was in second grade, around 1987. His former wife suggested he go to school committee meetings to see what really happens in town. He went, decided that the School Committee was a rubber stamp that talked about issues like larger class sizes and then gave the then-superintendent a glowing review and a raise to \$80,000 a year. Neil wrote a letter to the editor of the *Lincoln Journal* reporting that the School Committee was a "rubber stamp, not promoting excellence in education, and that the superintendent was earning \$40,000 for each side of his mouth." Needless to say, people noticed. There were letters to the editor commenting on his letter. From that start, Neil went to more meetings. He ran for School Committee and for Selectman. Every month or so, as the spirit moved him, he wrote letters to the editor. Around the late 1980s or early 1990s, the then-editor of the newspaper asked for a regular column.

"Every week?" was his response. "What will I write about every week?" He started out writing every other week, then noticed that Toby Frost thought of weekly topics and figured he could, too. "I'd write for several weeks, take a week off, and it evolved."

Neil gets feedback that ranges from the cold shoulder (mostly from town officials) to residents thanking him. "Strangers. Town residents I don't know. I used to think I wrote all these negative columns and thought I would scare people off. But people read these columns before moving to town and came here in spite of it. I thought, 'Wow!'"

While his columns and blogs are a public service, he notes that if people understood the entertainment value of various board meetings, more would attend. He has watched the Planning Board "nit-pick" over projects like the wine and cheese store, whose owner, enraged at his treatment, gave up and pulled the plug. Yet Neil points out that the Planning Board treats everyone like that, even other town officials such as those working on the Town Offices renovations. The Conservation Commission is another board that gets down to the nitty gritty with those who come before them.

Needless to say, Neil does not curry favors with town officials, movers and shakers. At one time, when he went to the Selectmen's meetings, he was in the loop, receiving the same packet of correspondence that the board members got. He thought he had it made, was invited to events. But he seems to be out of favor again, which doesn't bother him a bit.

After writing the column for a few years, Neil actually got fired. With these small papers, the pay is poor, editors change often, and while they came and went, Lincolnites started to regard Neil as “the paper,” and some residents said all they read in the *Journal* was Neil’s column and the police log. That didn’t sit well with editors, who became resentful. So Neil would write something controversial, which might annoy, say, one of the selectmen, and the paper got letters to the editor. He responded by starting an online newspaper called the *Lincoln Independent* and put his column online, so the then-editor fired him.

People missed his column, of course, so the then-managing editor (Richard Lodge) called Neil and hired him back. (Not that a large amount of money is involved here, to be sure; payment for columnists ranges from very little—Neil’s payment—to none.) For a while Neil had to send his columns directly to Lodge for vetting before publication. Lodge never edited a single word and the columns continued. Neil had gone from “who is that guy?” to “the rebel” to “the gadfly”, and finally “town elder.”

A couple of years ago, Neil was invited to put his columns on the paper’s website at www.wickedlocal.com. He thought about it for a few months, and by the time he was ready to do it, there was a new editor and the site didn’t have blogs any more. But with the school project looming, the town offices renovation, and other issues, there were more topics than he could cover in a weekly format. The website from the late *Lincoln Independent* (www.lincoln-ma.com) was languishing, so he started a new feature there, irregular but frequent posts to “Lincoln Blogs the Future,” with the subtitle and subtext “Life and Politics in Lincoln.”

Long-time residents will recognize the clever play on words Neil has made from the town-wide conference in the fall of 1991, **Lincoln Logs the Future** (copies of the reports available at the library.) Lincolnites are very educated people, very used to having all the information they need to make a decision, and that’s what Neil tries to provide, covering issues of concern to local residents and taxpayers.

Neil doesn’t go to as many meetings now, but he is an avid fan of Jim Cunningham’s work putting the Selectmen’s meetings on the website. “Jim is a very valuable resources,” Neil points out. It would be great if the Planning Board, Community Preservation, School Committee and other boards were similarly taped and broadcast.

Neil grew up in the Big Apple and was educated through the public schools up to and including Queens College. In his day job, Neil is a management consultant, among other things. His wife Kathy Madison is an artist whose work will be exhibited at the library in December, with an opening on December 11 from 4-7 pm. His son Jesse, who is a product of the entire Lincoln and regional school systems, has his own company inventing magic tricks and marketing them. Jesse has been interested in magic since he was three when Neil took him to a show on the North Shore; he started drawing magic tricks and was on his way. Neil’s stepson Ian Mendelson is a rapper in New York performing as “Skipp Whitman” but pays the bills working in business real estate rental.

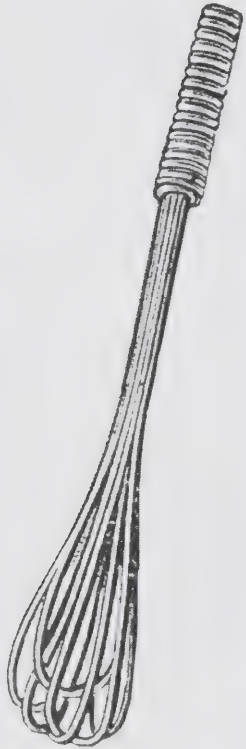
Any interested readers can follow Neil’s blog at www.lincoln-ma.com to keep abreast of his thoughts on all things Lincoln, from the supermarket situation to the school administration and maybe even, one of these days, his take on the Mount Misery leash law. (Unenforced and unenforceable.)

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Marsh Wren, Copyright 2011 Eric S. Smith

Eric Smith's photographs are currently showing in the gallery of the Council of Aging in Bemis Hall. His work will remain through December 2011.



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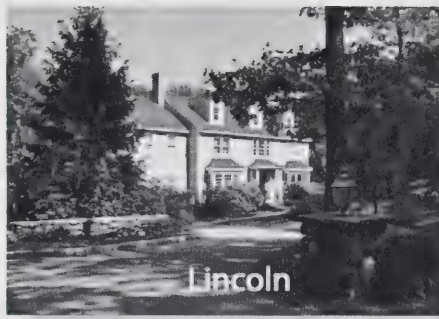


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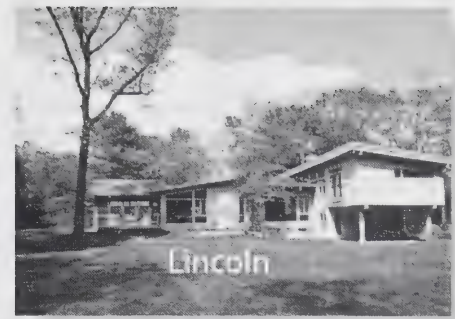
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Lincoln

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Lincoln

Well maintained Antique has new windows, beautiful floors and bright, spacious rooms. \$580,000



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DE CORDOVA BIENNIAL 2012

Artists Selected for *The 2012 deCordova* *Biennial*

Lincoln, MA, October 3, 2011 - DeCordova Sculpture Park and Museum is pleased to announce the artists and collaboratives selected for *The 2012 deCordova Biennial* on view January 22, 2012 to April 22, 2012. This exhibition follows *The 2010 deCordova Biennial*, the first of deCordova's revamped regional showcase, for which Curator Dina Deutsch won critical acclaim for her fresh curatorial approach. DeCordova formerly presented the twenty-year deCordova Annual exhibition program designed to feature art from across New England.

The 2012 deCordova Biennial is the largest and most ambitious to date. Co-organized by Curator Dina Deutsch and Guest Curator Abigail Ross Goodman, the exhibition features 23 artists and collaboratives and will occupy almost the entirety of the museum and beyond-reaching into the Sculpture Park, the city of Boston, and nearby communities through a series of public, off-site projects.

The 2012 Biennial remains non-thematic but aims to reflect the dynamism, variety, and quality of art-making in the New England region. Featured artists grapple with contemporary issues, touching on a range of emergent and established practices: third wave craft, updated abstraction, art in the social sphere, a resurgence of trompe-l'oeil in object-making, and new takes on photography.

The 2012 deCordova Biennial Artists:

Antoniadis & Stone

<http://antoniadisandstone.com>

Caitlin Berrigan <http://membrana.us/>

Taylor Davis

<http://www.taylordavissculptor.com>

Jo Dery <http://www.jodery.com>

Kim Faler www.kimfaler.com

Matthew Gamber

<http://www.matthewgamber.com>

Jessica Gath <http://jessicagath.org/>

Jonathan Gitelson <http://www.thegit.net/>

Eric Gottesman <http://www.ericgottesman.net>

Corin Hewitt

Lauren Kalman <http://laurenkalman.com>

Steve Lambert <http://visitsteve.com>

MaryLum

Megan and Murray McMillan

<http://www.meganandmurraymcmillan.com>

Ann Pibal <http://annpibal.com>

Matt Saunders

South End Knitters

Chris Taylor

Ven Voisey <http://www.v-s-v.net/>

Anna von Mertens

<http://annavonmertens.com/portfolio.php>

Joe Wardwell <http://joewardwell.com>

Cullen Bryant Washington, Jr.

<http://cWASHINGTONstudio.com>

Joe Zane <http://www.uncertainty-principle.com/joe/>

Over the past year, Deutsch and Goodman visited almost one hundred studios and reviewed the portfolios of many more artists in an attempt to present the wide scope of art-making in New England. They set out to explore the diverse practices of the region's artists, with a particular interest in those that venture beyond the gallery, both conceptually and physically.

Last fall Deutsch and Goodman said that they were "thrilled to be working on this project together to create a vibrant dialogue about contemporary art in New England. Our goal is to use this exhibition to not only showcase the strongest and most exciting work being made in the

region, but to amplify and push it beyond the museum and even beyond New England."

Goodman and Deitsch were aided in their process by an esteemed group of curators from the region who served as an Advisory Board: Ian Berry, Associate Director for Curatorial Affairs and Curator, The Frances Young Tang Teaching Museum and Art Gallery at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, NY; Richard Klein, Exhibitions Director, The Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, Ridgefield, CT; and Denise Markonish, Curator, Mass MoCA, North Adams, MA.

The 2012 *deCordova Biennial* is made possible in part by generous support from the Deborah A. Hawkins Charitable Trust and from The Robert E. Davoli and Eileen L. McDonagh Charitable Foundation. The Exhibition Opening Reception and Member Preview Day/Artist Celebration are sponsored by Welch & Forbes, LLC.

In 2009 deCordova acquired its first work by an international sculptor and continues to bolster the curatorial program by exhibiting high-quality, accessible art of nationally and internationally recognized artists indoors and out. Currently, visitors can view work by Antony Gormley, Roy Lichtenstein, Sol Le Witt, Chakaia Booker, and Rona Pondick along with 60 other well-known artists. To maintain its commitment to New England artists and emphasize the quality and vitality of the art created in this region, deCordova launched the *deCordova Biennial* in 2010 and the PLATFORM series in 2009.

Patrons of deCordova can enjoy year-round activities in the Sculpture Park and Museum, including snowshoe tours, yoga in the park, birding tours, curator and artist conversations, and many special talks, screenings, and events. DeCordova's School offers classes and workshops throughout the year and is one of the largest non-degree granting studio art programs in New England. Unique to deCordova, the Corporate Program provides area businesses the opportunity to support the institution and regional artists through membership initiatives and Art Loan options. DeCordova is also home to the only preschool embedded in a contemporary art museum in the United States.



Steve Lambert

Capitalism Works For Me! True/False, 2011
aluminum and electronics

9 x 20 x 7 feet

electronics by Alexander Reben

Courtesy of the artist and SPACES, Cleveland, OH



Matt Saunders

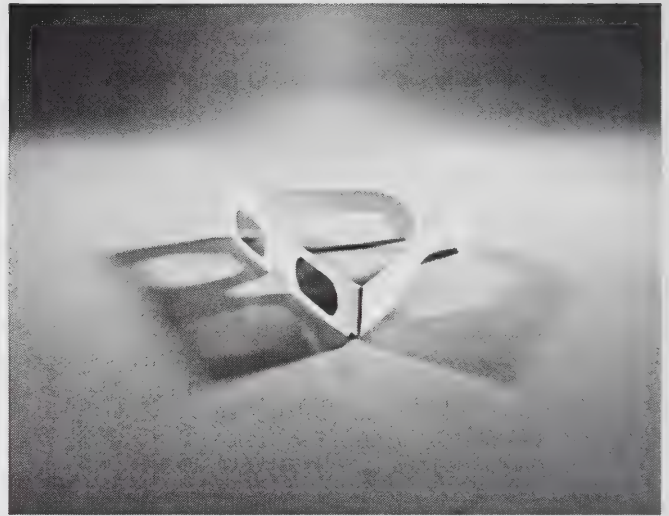
still from *Passageworks*, 2010

three channel animation

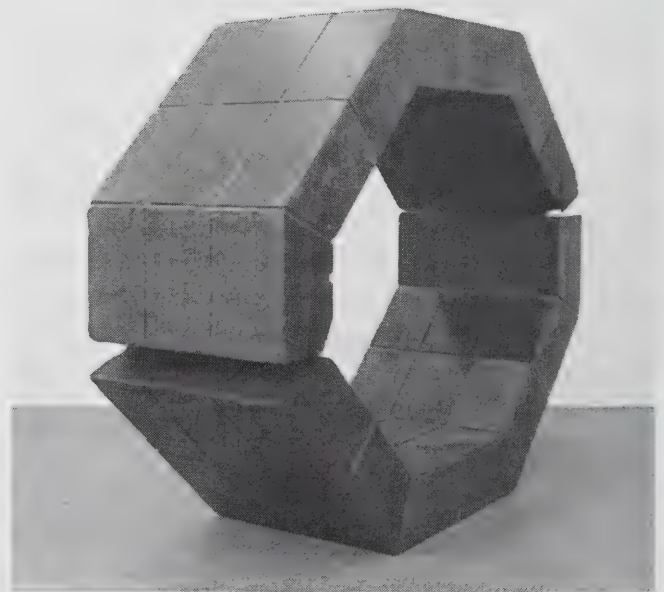
Courtesy of the artist and Harris Lieberman
Gallery, New York, NY



Kim Faler
Anniversary, 2009
 archival inkjet print
 22-1/2 x 33-1/4 inches
 Courtesy of LaMontagne Gallery, Boston , MA



Matthew Gamber
3D Glasses, 2010
 from the series *Any Color You Like*
 digital gelatin silver print
 16 x 20 inches
 Courtesy of Gallery Kayafas, Boston , MA



Antoniadis and Stone
Sculpture Park (Flipside), 2011
 particle board, plastic, and paint
 75 x 62 x 27 inches
 Courtesy of the artists



Vanessa Ocasio, trainer

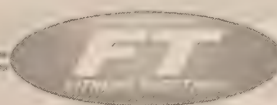
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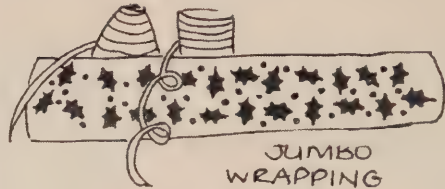
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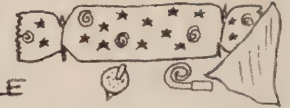
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